JOHN BULL, MAY 15, 1937

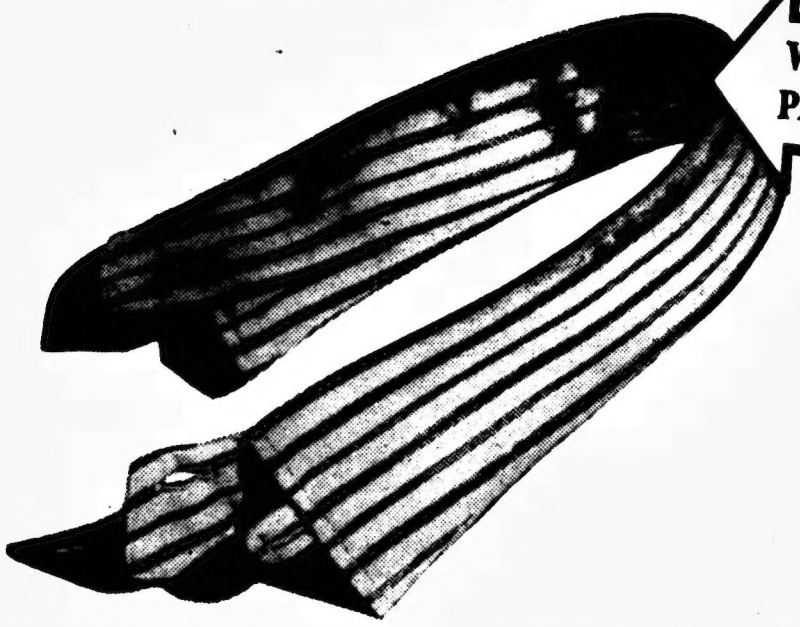
TWOPENCE
Vol. LXI.
1613.

TOWNS THAT MAKE ME SHUDDER—*by* Swaffer (SEE PAGE 17)

JOHN BULL

Immediately Persil soap-suds touch dirt

- cleansing oxygen springs to life



WHERE THE DIRT IS THICKEST, THERE PERSIL'S OXYGEN SUDS WORK HARDEST

The soap-and-oxygen action goes on working till every speck of dirt vanishes!

If only you could *see* what happens inside a copper on washdays! With ordinary soapsuds the ingrained dirt doesn't budge. But out of Persil soapsuds come millions of eager oxygen bubbles—stirred to action by the very dirt itself! This cleansing oxygen clusters round the dirt—making it vanish right out of existence—carrying on till your clothes are rid of every trace of dirt or impurity. No wonder clothes come from a Persil wash so brilliantly bright and clean! Give all your things the benefit of Persil's *extra* cleansing power. The daintiest fabrics are safe with it—for Persil works only on *dirt*.

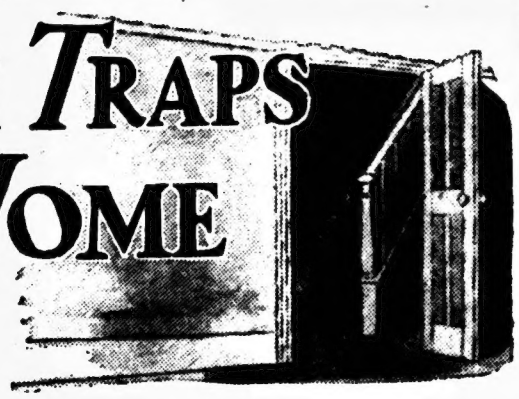
Persil

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

PER 496-365-65

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

DEATH TRAPS in the HOME



10,000 KILLED EACH YEAR

"Safe at Home." That's what we all say at some time or other, but it is little realised that more than 10,000 are killed in their homes every year.

Here is just a typical case :—

"Carry me, mamma" said the little daughter of an Oldham mother as they were coming downstairs one morning. The mother gathered the child up in her arms but when she was almost at the bottom of the stairs she overbalanced. Falling heavily into the kitchen she knocked over a pan of boiling water. Despite everything possible being done she died as a result of shock caused by scalds. This, in brief, is the tragic fate which befell Mrs. Nicholas of 65, Hobson Street, Oldham.

As Mrs. Nicholas was a registered reader of "John Bull" a cheque for £50, the benefit provided for Fatal Home Accidents under "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift, has been promptly sent.

In addition to providing numerous other accident benefits, "John Bull" is the **ONLY** paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest and to pay Sickness Benefits.

LAST WEEK ALONE, "John Bull" distributed to registered readers or their dependants £772 17s. 10d. as follows :

Household and Sickness Benefits	£337 17 10
Accident Benefit—Adults ..	£226 0 0
Accident Benefits—Children	£209 0 0

If you are not yet a registered reader, sign for safety to-day. Fill up the forms below TO-DAY.

"JOHN BULL"—THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

CUT HERE

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.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 15/5/37.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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.....

Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address .....

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Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

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..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 15/5/37.

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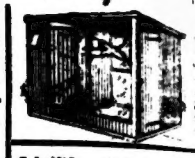
Send the small deposit for one of these Genuine Thorne Buildings at the new reduced prices. Complete in sections for easy erection and fully guaranteed. Cash on delivery if desired. Write Now for Catalogue No. 66 FREE.



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Regardless of cost, we are determined to add another 10,000 names to our already tremendous list of satisfied Cuthbertson Customers. Prices have been RUTHLESSLY CUT, QUALITY IMPROVED, DEPOSITS REDUCED and TERMS MADE EASIER, WITH THE ONE OBJECT IN VIEW.

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"It's a beautiful ring in every way . . . well pleased and satisfied with it . . .

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Send deposit To-day, while you still have [illegible] ment in front of you, or write for Special Sale [illegible] reduced prices and terms. By sending To-day [illegible] sure of participating in the greatest Bargain [illegible] century and automatically become eligible for [illegible] Guinea Free Gift.

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"CASSEROLE COOKING"

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£20 in Cash Prizes FREE!

For best Last Line to Limerick on page 27.

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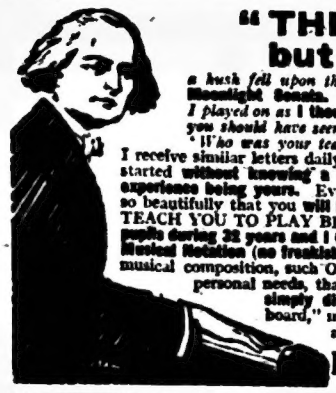
This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 3 coupons and P.O. for 1/6,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address : "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

3d



"THEY LAUGHED AT FIRST—but when I began to play—

a hush fell upon the room. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat spellbound as I played on as I thought you would like me to play, and when the last note died away you should have seen the excitement on my friends' faces! "Where did you learn to play like that?" "Who was your teacher?" "How do you get that lovely singing tone?"

I receive similar letters daily from students of MY POSTAL LESSONS for the Pianoforte. I started **without knowing a note. There is positively no obstacle to the same delightful experience being yours.** Even if you are already of middle age, I can teach you to play so beautifully that you **will be welcome wherever you go!** Or, if already a player, I CAN TEACH YOU TO PLAY BETTER beyond your dreams. **I have taught over 45,000 adult pupils during 32 years and I CAN TEACH YOU.** I will send you, BY POST, using **Ordinary Musical Notation (no freakish methods)** enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition, such Original, Sun-clear, Fascinating Lessons, each arranged for your personal needs, that your difficulties of Tone, Time, Fingering and Reading will **simply disappear.** Send P.C. for free book "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," any special pamphlet "Truth in Advertising" and form for FREE advice. Say if **Advanced, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner.**

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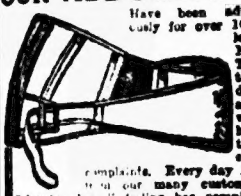

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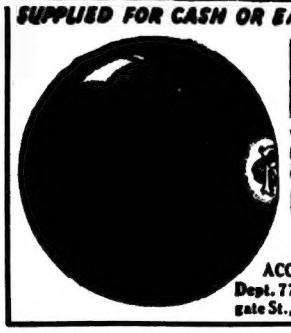

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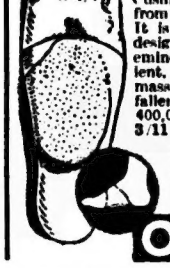

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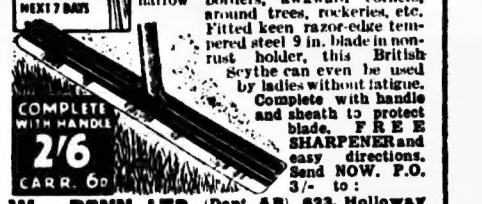

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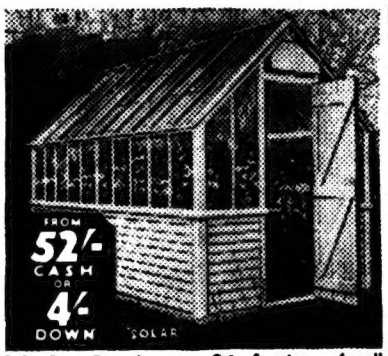

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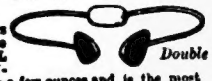

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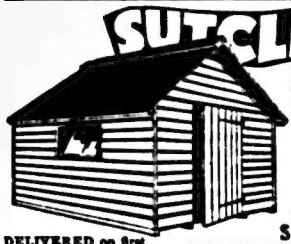

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Who'll CURE *the* HOSPITALS?

Drastic surgery is needed to remove the evils that now hamper hospitals in their fine work

IN August, 1935, JOHN BULL completed one of the most important tasks it has ever undertaken—a three-months-long survey of the defects of the country's hospitals system.

We did our level best to make that survey as complete and as fair as possible. And our aim was constructive. As we said at the time, it was "an enquiry, not an exposure."

So, frankly, we were very pleased when, three months later, a Commission under the chairmanship of Lord Sankey was set up, *by the voluntary hospitals themselves*, to examine their own shortcomings and suggest remedies.

To-day, the long-awaited Report of that Commission lies before us. And we are *not* pleased.

It is a pallid document. Full of frank admissions about some of the more glaring defects in the system; but, as far as those which affect patients and staff are concerned, singularly lacking in practical suggestions for a cure.

It tells us that the voluntary hospitals system is in danger of breaking down—and then devotes a third of the Report to a discussion of financial ways and means.

The recommendations here are more fully worked out than those on any other aspects of the system. Some of these suggestions, such as the grouping of hospitals into regions, the formation of regional councils to ensure economies and co-operation, improved methods for funds collection, uniform accountancy—are all good.

And we will not deny that a system with a capital value of £200,000,000 and an income of £16,500,000; which enjoys a mass surplus of £1,000,000 while individual units starve for funds—*does* need some financial overhaul.

BUT financial muddle is a long way from being the sole cause for the breakdown in the system. Poverty, as we pointed out at the end of *our* enquiry, has always been the hospitals' excuse, and their impregnable defence against all suggestions for improvement in conditions for staff and patients.

It is good that this defence should be cut away. But we need some more drastic surgery to save the system.

We are disappointed to find very few firm and detailed recommendations for removing the main grievances against the hospitals.

Take the Out-patients Department, for instance, the place where most of the millions of the public make their first contact with the hospitals.

The Report admits most of the faults we described in our enquiry—the "ordeal by waiting," and the widespread muddle and the inefficient treatment that arises from it. But the Commission disposes of the whole of this important subject in five paragraphs out of the 220 of its Report.

It mildly says that such burning grievances could be avoided by providing "increased and more suitable accommodation"—as if that fact were not sufficiently obvious. But it gives no detailed cure, makes no firm recommendations.

It merely says that Boards of Management "might with advantage" give further attention to the suggestions made years ago in the King Edward's Hospital Fund Report.

ACTUALLY, it settles the whole scandal of the Out-patients Department by evading it. For at one point it seems to suggest that the best remedy is to restrict attendance, to give treatment only to casualties, discharged in-patients, and people sent "for consultation"—and to bar all others.

As to the In-patients, it blandly assumes that conditions at all hospitals are ideal. There are some suggestions for avoiding "waiting lists," providing sufficient beds, and suchlike administrative problems.

But poor food, inadequate nursing, the "dragooning" of patients—the whole *human* side of the system's defects which emerged so strongly in our enquiry, is entirely ignored.

These are matters which arise from rotten hospital organisation and the old-fashioned "poor law" tradition under which the patient was "a lump." More money doesn't cure that!

But it is missed out of the Report.

It takes two to make a hospital. The staff *and* the patients. But among all the suggestions for Regional Councils and other improvements in administrative machinery we can find no mention of any means whereby patients can bring any of *their* grievances to attention.

As to the nurses. We dealt at great length in our enquiry with the appalling conditions of accommodation, pay and duties under which many of them labour, and showed how these conditions were imperilling the hospitals system.

The Report dismisses the Nursing Services in just over two pages. It does admit that "schoolmistresses and parents hesitate to encourage girls to enter a profession in which the prospects compare unfavourably with . . . other professions for women."

It also agrees that "knowledge of the dire straits to which many old and retired nurses are reduced, is discouraging to would-be nurses." But where are there any firm, detailed suggestions?

Sample paragraphs: "The nurse should not be expected to do ordinary domestic work. . . . The remuneration of trained nurses in general is too low. . . ."

Hours of duty, it is admitted, "are too long, and the Commission consider that a forty-eight-hour week constitutes the ideal. . . . *The Commission recognise that this ideal is not at the moment attainable.*"

THE only answer to that is, "Why not?" It is because of such statements of the obvious, and such question-begging remarks that we described this Report as "pallid."

We are left with the uncomfortable feeling that the hospitals, having rushed out this Commission on their own, have only missed a Government Commission by a short head. Perhaps they hoped to stave off such a Commission?

Would a Government enquiry have done any better—carried more weight? We don't know.

What we *do* feel is that the efforts of this present Commission are simply not good enough. But we shall watch to see if what weight it carries—which isn't must—is well and truly applied in the quarters which most need it.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Higher Rents : Fewer Houses

Sealed Lips About Dear Food
New Pensions Scandal
No Cane for Girls

DEARER rents are coming for a multitude of tenants—thanks to Neville Chamberlain.

Many slum dwellers, looking forward to clean, new houses, won't get them—thanks to the Cabinet as a whole.

For scores of new municipal housing schemes, up and down the country, are imperilled by the armaments programme. On established housing estates, higher rents will have to be levied.

Rising Prices

Small non-parlour houses are already costing £30 more—each—to build. Prices will rise still higher, it is expected, owing to the prior demand of the arms industry for materials.

And the Treasury is making matters worse by raising the rate of interest which it charges to local authorities for housing loans.

Controlling the Market

Already the rate has been increased by a quarter per cent. Not much—but it means 4d. a week extra on the rent. Further rises are coming because of the Chancellor's attempt to control the money market for the arms loan.

That control may be necessary. But so astute a financial mandarin as Mr. Chamberlain should easily be able—if he wished—to obtain favourable conditions for his arms loan without damaging so essential a social reform as the provision of new homes to replace the slums.

Slow Progress

As it is, only 135,000 of the 400,000 houses needed for slum clearance have been built.

Local authorities are alarmed, not only at the slowing down of new building which the Treasury's short-sighted policy is causing, but at the prospect of having to increase the rents of council tenants—the very type of family that can least afford to pay more.

Now, Mr. Chamberlain, before you quit the job to assume the Prime Minister's mantle, won't you listen to the councils' protests—and remove their very real grievance?

Pensions Puzzle

Treatment at the expense of the Ministry of Pensions should be available for all ex-Service pensioners. But in an increasing number of cases they are being informed that such treatment as they may require for their accepted disability is not due to the effects of war service!

Mr. Ramsbotham: New Pensions Scandal

We wonder if the Minister himself can explain this obvious contradiction. If so, perhaps he will tell us.

Sealed Lips

Housewives are paying almost famine prices for fish. More increases are probable. But the men who catch the fish rarely get a living wage.

For over two years the Government has talked about reorganising the industry and eliminating middlemen's profits, but nothing has been done.

"I can't say anything yet," says Mr. Morrison, Minister for Agriculture and Fisheries, though at least he might tell us who has sealed his lips.

Give—and Take

Political prejudice is alleged to be actuating the Government in its choice of sites for arms factories, and in the placing of arms contracts.

The political colour of the areas already favoured may not support the charge, but we can be assured that when it comes to using the armaments produced the whole country will be expected to give a hand.

Poverty Pay

The irony of those appeals to "protect Britain"!

A Northumberland woman tells us that her husband has joined the Royal Naval Reserve and is undergoing six weeks' training.

He gets a shilling a week; she £1 a week for five weeks.

Out of that pound she has to pay 12s. 6d. rent, 3s. 6d. for furniture, 2s. clothes. Which leaves two shillings for food and light.

The young wife asks us how she can make ends meet. Stumped for an answer, we refer the question to Vice-Admiral Brownrigg, the R.N.R.'s president.

Vice-Admiral Brownrigg: Poser for Him

Question

Now for a question to Sir Kingsley Wood, the Minister of Health.

It concerns the maternity benefit of 40s., paid under the National Health Insurance scheme, which a married woman gets if her first confinement occurs within two years of marriage.

A young London wife, whose baby was born only *a few hours* after the two years expired, has been refused benefit.

Now, Sir Kingsley, is that the way to help your "More Babies" campaign?

Labour—and Wait

Next time you see a queue outside an employment exchange don't get downhearted—even if you are in it.

Pull yourself together; keep your chin up, and let your breast fill with hope and pride.

Remember that the Government is worried about its plans for the rebuilding of employment exchanges—because of the shortage of labour!

Caning for Girls

While the Government's committee is enquiring into the birching of boys by policemen, teachers and education authorities are investigating the caning of schoolgirls.

Many education committees have already banned the cane from girls' schools; the enquiry may bring them all into line.

We hope so, anyway.

Four Times Better

Congratulations to the Wolverhampton Bench on reviving the practice of banning a drunkard, with pages of convictions, from every bar in the town.

Better for the man's family than a fine or imprisonment. Better for the people who go to inns for moderate refreshment. Better for the licensees. And certainly better for the man.

Landlords *v.* War

Six thousand property owners, representing £500,000,000 invested capital, have been told that the Government will not arrange a war risks insurance scheme.

So they are going to start their own scheme. Remembering how shabbily owners were treated in the last war, when small traders could get no compensation for the destruction of their premises and businesses, even the humblest of small property owners should be interested in this move. And the man buying his own house needs as much protection as the great landlord.

White Plague Still

Welcome Lord Horder's criticism of the statements that tuberculosis is now under control in this country.

These are the facts: There are some 400,000 t.b. sufferers in Britain. Thirty thousand of them die each year. Twice that number of new cases are reported each year!

You can form an idea of the remedies needed if you study a few more facts:

Red Tape

Men are having to leave sanatoria before treatment is finished because their sick benefits are stopped at the end of six months.

The disease is rampant in all the distressed areas—where malnutrition is common.

Money is begrudged by many local authorities for after-care work; impure milk is spreading the infection among school-children.

So let's hope Lord Horder and his fellow doctors continue to speak out!

Trial Marriage?

Married at Easter; must now pay his wife £1 a week under a separation order—marriage has been a brief but expensive experiment for a Wimbledon man.

He may, of course, be guilty of the "persistent cruelty" his wife alleges. But—she was an Austrian working as a cook in London. She proposed the marriage, not once, but many times.

We have every sympathy for wives with real grievances who are forced to live apart from their husbands. But should a life pension be awarded to a wife who tried marriage for only thirty-seven days?

Harvest for Them

A pity Parliament is too busy to deal with the rabbit nuisance, though a war of extermination has been officially recommended. Next year, promises Lord Feversham, something may be done.

We shouldn't like to guess how many more millions of rabbits will be destroying the crops before then.

But we do wonder why men are still fined for poaching rabbits!

Time to Repent?

What would you have awarded Sarah Jane French, who struck her five-year-old child with a belt buckle, sat him in a bath of cold water, gave him a black eye, bruises and scratches?

The Willesden magistrate made it two months' hard labour, and we think he was right. But cruelty to children is increasing so abominably that a few six months' sentences might prove useful as deterrents.

Murder the Poor

Hitler is proving himself about the worst advertisement Germany has ever had. His latest threat to "bow or break" those who oppose him, and his promise to accustom the rising generation to privation and hardship amply illustrate the "blessings" of Nazidom.

When Hitler has rendered the people of Germany completely poverty-stricken, maybe there will be more scope for that bombing expert of his who declares that the poor are degenerate stocks and the more of them that are killed the better for the future of the race!

Uplift

Even lovers of hunting may smile at the profound statement of the Rev. R. G. Barnett that "the development of wonderful characteristics overshadow any little sentimentality which might come into the minds of other people."

So when the hunters dab a child's cheek with the blood of a fox that has been torn to shreds, it's all in the cause of uplift.

Your Opportunities

The result of our final "Headings" Competition No. 4 appears on page 42, opposite which is the announcement that *Bullets* One-week First Prize has soared to £1,000. Over £2,400 in solid cash awaits those who grasp their opportunities in our Competitions this week.

Have a Heart!

Those who protested against the appointment of an Englishman as principal of the Scottish Congregational College did their exiled countrymen little service.

When so many Scots fill English Nonconformist pulpits—aye, and big jobs too—it's poor tribute to Scottish hospitality to kick against a stray Sassenach getting a job North o' the Tweed.

After his Blood

Angered by his statement that domestic servants don't know how to cook nowadays, servants have been writing to Sir Lionel Darell and even ringing him up.

Sir Lionel Darell: Can he Laugh it Off?

We don't blame them.

Now Sir Lionel adds that he wouldn't have married his wife if she hadn't known how to cook.

Will that bring another woman into the fray?

Good News

Good news for JOHN BULL — old enemy of baby-farming and the sale of British babies to foreigners—that the committee on child adoption has now finished its job.

Its report, which will suggest drastic measures, will reach Sir John Simon at the end of the month.

Then, we trust, Sir John will act promptly.

Keeping them Single

Under this heading in our issue of April 17 we published certain figures which had been publicly announced by the General Secretary of the Guild of Insurance Officials to be the average salaries of male workers at one of the biggest branches of the Commercial Union Assurance Co., Ltd.

JOHN BULL has since ascertained that the figures are quite inaccurate, and, in the circumstances, naturally desires to dissociate itself from the comments it made in the paragraph in question.

KNOCK-OUTS

Admiral Sir. F. Dreyer: "We must speak with knowledge and force." *But better be silent than speak with force and no knowledge.*

* * *

Dr. Arnold Toynbee: "Our international society to-day is at the stage of Iceland's municipal life in A.D. 1000." *But refuse to believe it will take 937 years to tame statesmen and diplomats.*

* * *

Yosuke Matsuoka, Japanese spokesman: "Britain is afraid to fight Communism." *No—we've no need to.*

* * *

T. A. Warren, Wolverhampton education director: "Find me a hundred children in any juvenile court, and I'll find ninety to whom the community should apologise for bringing them there." *But our birch-'em-all exponents mean to keep busy.*

Lowdham Grange, finely built by the boys themselves, and **(inset) Mr. C. T. Cape, Governor of the Institution**

Where Bad Boys MAKE GOOD

IMAGINE an institution for young delinquents without bolts or bars, in which no door is ever locked!

Such an idea, you would say, is ridiculous. Why, all the inmates would march out at once into freedom.

Yet an establishment of contradictions of this kind exists. It represents the most enlightened attempt—in any country of the world—for the treatment, *and cure*, of youthful offenders.

This establishment is Lowdham Grange, in the county of Nottingham, England.

The general public knows little, if anything, of Lowdham Grange, or the splendid work which is being done there. The Commissioners of His Majesty's Prisons modestly hide their light of experiment under a bushel.

All that appears in the annual report of the Commissioners lately published is a summary about Lowdham Grange just as though it was an ordinary Borstal institution. In reality a book might well be written about it.

When a lad or a young man is sent for punishment to Lowdham Grange he is asked to sign a pledge, which runs:—

"Because of the trust put in me, I promise, on my honour, to do my best to keep up the good name of Lowdham Grange."

And that is the essence of the Lowdham Grange system. The young inmates *are trusted*. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that trust is not misplaced.

Young offenders of all classes—some admittedly difficult types—are plunged into the public-school atmosphere of the institution and keep faith.

This month Lowdham Grange celebrates its seventh birthday. In May of 1930 a band of forty convicted Borstal lads set out from the institution at Feltham, Middlesex, to march across England.

They were in charge of Mr. W. W. Llewellin, formerly Eton and Oxford, and Mr. C. T. Cape, now the governor of the Grange. The boys were picked because they were considered to be of a type suitable for special treatment.

Each night they were housed by a local branch of Toc H. Eventually they arrived at the old farm house of Lowdham Grange and camped in the garden.

After that they began to construct Lowdham Grange as it is to-day. They made roads and they built houses. They worked as pioneers at the birth of a new settlement, and from the bare land they raised the future home of a great experiment. Now Lowdham Grange, as a half-finished product, stretches its front across a hillside, which is the centre of an estate of five hundred acres.

Every brick in the buildings—each stick and stone—has been laid by the Borstal boys themselves.

There is nothing on the estate, from administration block to dairy farm, which Borstal lads have not built under the supervision of skilled craftsmen.

It is in truth a wonderful achievement. There are now three "school houses"—one partially finished—a splendid gymnasium, a central clock tower, a row of detached officer quarters, and a number of auxiliary buildings.

Before long the plan will be complete with another house, a hospital, and a variety of workshops.

Remember this, the Borstal boys are doing everything. No outside labour is recruited. Bricklayers, carpenters, electricians, landscape gardeners, are all youths between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two sentenced to punishment by the criminal courts in different parts of England.

To-day there are 170 pupils at Lowdham Grange. Eventually the total will be 250.

Discipline at the Grange is rigid, and the lads have to work hard for eight hours a day. But in their free time they have liberty of thought and action.

On Saturdays a certain number, according to their good conduct, may go into Nottingham by motor omnibus, and enjoy themselves in a normal way.

They have a small amount of spending money, for they can all earn by their work.

During the winter a party of seventy attends technical classes in the Lowdham village institute.

There is no supervision on these visits. The boys are on their honour to return, and they never abuse the privilege.

There are organised amusements at the Grange; lectures, cinema shows and the like. One house is particularly keen on chess and plays regular chess matches by post with rivals in Denmark.

A Rover Scout troop has considerable support. The Scouts have a hut of their own in a wood adjoining the Grange, and at week-ends are permitted to camp out without supervision. They meet Rovers from various towns in the Midlands.

The Grange has its amateur operatic society, of which the Borstal boys are members. Recently they gave an admirable performance of the "Pirates of Penzance" to an enthusiastic audience.

Everything is done in the houses where the boys live to avoid a set, institutional atmosphere. For example, there are no long bare tables in the dining halls. The boys sit in parties of four at small tables.

I said there were no locks in the place. That needs reservation. For there is a lock on the wireless instrument which broadcasts in each recreation room. This is to prevent a twirling of the dials to secure unauthorised stations.

When a boy is sent to Lowdham Grange his parents receive a remarkable letter. It is in these terms:

> "Your son has been given the privilege of being sent to Lowdham Grange for his training. It is a privilege because only lads who are considered trustworthy and reliable are chosen to share in the extra measure of freedom allowed at Lowdham Grange.
>
> "This is a new institution. Your lad will have a part in making the new buildings and in creating the spirit and traditions of the place.
>
> "It is hoped that he will get the full benefit from his training and grow into an honest and hardworking man: able to help you and take his place in the world.
>
> "You can help him to do this by encouraging him to do his best. Your letters will be a great help to him, and you may write as often as you wish. The lad will be allowed to write to you at least once a fortnight.
>
> "Your son will work eight hours a day on five days in the week. Saturday is a half-holiday. At first his work will be labouring. After a time he may have the opportunity of working in a trade party, where he can learn the groundwork of a good trade.
>
> "He will earn a little pocket money. He starts with fourpence a week, which he may increase in course of time to 1s. 2d. a week if he works hard.
>
> "In the evenings he will do one and a half hours school or hobby work. He has the choice of about eighteen subjects for school and hobby classes. In the summer he may have an allotment, and may work on it in his spare time.
>
> "He may join the football and cricket clubs and the indoor recreation club. He may also join the Rover Scouts crew.
>
> "On Sunday lads are taken to church or chapel in the village. In the afternoon they are taken for walks or go for rambles by themselves on the estate.
>
> "At Lowdham Grange the lads sleep in dormitories, and there are no bars or locks. If your boy settles down here no key will be turned on him during the remainder of his Borstal training. I hope you will do all you can to help him to use his freedom rightly."

Strong encouragement is given to the boys to make themselves skilled in games and in physical exercises. The Lowdham Grange cricket eleven is rather better than the usual village club side. It plays out and home matches, and last season did exceptionally well. Two of the members of the team, with fuller coaching, may easily develop into the county cricket class.

It is possible that one day we may have an old Borstal boy playing cricket for England, with the full approval of the M.C.C.

In regard to "P.T." the lads are exceptional. Judge how good they are from the fact that Lowdham Grange has been invited to give a display of physical exercises at the forthcoming Nottingham County Agricultural Show.

Each boy, before he leaves, is taught to swim. The swimming-bath, made from a farmyard pond, is equal to that of any public school.

Before a youth is due for discharge from Lowdham he is given a bedroom to himself for a month. Then he is classed as a "lodger," and can do more or less what he likes. He is given the chance of "being on his own"; a visitor in a friend's house.

One can estimate the value of the Lowdham Grange system from the fact that fewer than 5 per cent. of the boys ever offend again when they leave. Moreover, there are scarcely any attempts at escape, although running away would be a simple matter—just walking out without saying "good-bye."

"Old boys" are constantly returning to see the governor and to tell him of their successes.

Indeed, "Lowdhamians" frequently bring their wives to the Grange in the old-school, boastful spirit.

The success that has already attended this interesting experiment should be an eye-opener to those who still cling to old ideas of punishment.

Lowdham Grange has given a lead which other Borstal establishments might well follow.

Exclusive Informations Directed by Sir Wyndham Childs

Notwithstanding extreme debility, Arthur Bullock was required to continue performing heavy duties in the postal service

Two Tragic Awards

ABOUT a year ago the name of the fishing vessel *Pennard Castle* was on the lips of the public.

One day she was reported missing off the coast of Wales, and for a week naval and mercantile ships searched the sea for trace of her.

The quest ended in evidence of grim tragedy. The *Pennard Castle* had foundered with the loss of all hands.

The Mayor of Swansea took the initiative to have a relief fund opened for the widows and orphans. The disaster had so stirred the public that there is no doubt the response would have been generous and adequate. But the fund was never started.

It was given out that there was no need for it because proper compensation would be paid to the dependants of the men who were drowned.

Among them was the mate of the vessel, Mr. Henry Eagle, whose widow lives at Alexandra Terrace, Cwmbwrla, Swansea. She is sixty-four years of age.

Mrs. Eagle, driven to pauperism

Mr. Bullock—before he was stricken and paralysed

For exactly one year Mrs. Eagle has received a regular weekly payment of £2 10s. for the loss of her husband.

But the other week the postman did not deliver the usual registered packet. This time he handed over a letter which announced to Mrs. Eagle that there would be no further payments because her husband, as mate of the vessel, had been on a sharing basis and she was not therefore legally entitled to any redress under the Workmen's Compensation Acts.

In fact, it was pointed out to her, the payments already made had been no more than an act of grace—which was strictly correct.

So Mrs. Eagle has to be content with a total payment of £130 for the death of her husband. As skipper and mate, he had been with one firm for nearly twenty years, and during the Great War he rendered brilliant service in command of a mine-sweeper.

Mrs. Eagle is now almost destitute, which would not have happened if the Mayor of Swansea had been allowed to inaugurate the public fund which was contemplated at the time of the disaster to the *Pennard Castle*. She is compelled to become a pauper.

Again and again JOHN BULL has pleaded for the amendment of the Workmen's Compensation laws to ensure better provision for the families of fishermen who lose their lives at their toil.

The tragic plight of Mrs. Eagle is sufficient justification for the maintenance of our demand.

* * *

Such can be the fate of the family of a man who was in private employment.

Now examine what can happen to a man who has been a public servant, and to his dependants. This case is that of Mr. Arthur Bullock, of Price Avenue, Sandbach, near Crewe.

After service as a non-commissioned officer in the Regular Army, Mr. Bullock was permanently engaged as a postman.

Eight years ago he contracted diphtheria, and there is little doubt that the onset of the disease was brought about during his work.

He resumed his employment when he was still much debilitated, but his request for a lighter job was refused.

His condition became steadily worse as he trudged on his daily rounds. Then, after five years, he completely collapsed and had to be retired from the service.

For himself, his wife and his family the Postmaster General authorised a pension of 9s. 4d. a week.

As the rent of the Bullocks' home was 8s. 6d. a week, the invalid man and his dependants were left with exactly tenpence a week on which to exist.

Repeated appeals have been made to the postal authorities to show more compassion for a man who was wrecked during his long and efficient service. Every one has been met with refusal.

Friends came to the help of the family with a loan to enable Mrs. Bullock to open a small shop, but the profits from it have had to be devoted almost wholly to the repayment of the money advanced.

Now the household is in worse straits than ever. Mr. Bullock has become totally paralysed on one side—a consequence of the work he had to perform for years while he was still ill.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the Post Office regulations can permit of some generous consideration of this unfortunate case. Generally, the postal Department is just to workers who break down in its service.

Doctor Cheat

FROM Nottingham and Liverpool JOHN BULL has received reports regarding swindles perpetrated by a supposed medical practitioner falsely using the degree and name of Dr. J. Carol.

There is no doubt that this individual will continue his roguery in other towns until information is given to the police to enable them to intercept him.

Carol, who we can identify as a crook of numerous aliases and several convictions, represents that he has just left a London medical school and is about to purchase a practice in each of the towns he descends upon.

Most of his victims are women from whom he obtains sums of from £10 to £250 on the pretext of selling shares in the mythical practices.

MARTYRDOM of LILY STREET

WHEN Parliament reassembles in two weeks' time, a clear-cut challenge is to be thrown to the Minister of Health regarding an extraordinary event which has occurred in the pretty Hampshire hamlet of Dean, a few miles from Winchester.

In a small cottage in this picturesque district there lived until recently a family of three named Street—husband, wife, and a thirty-three-year-old unmarried daughter, Miss Lily Street.

There is no doubt that Miss Street is a woman with a definite temperament. She has been fearlessly outspoken, and a number of her actions have at different times provoked local gossip.

Once, for instance, she threw a stone through the house window of a resident against whom she harboured a grievance. That, however, was the worst and most erratic behaviour of which she could possibly be accused.

Miss Street's detention might well be investigated by the Bishop of Winchester

Always, indeed, she has been respected for her uprightness and, in the past, has never received anything but sympathy for her somewhat naturally nervous condition.

She is well known to the clergy and congregation of Winchester Cathedral, where she has been a regular worshipper.

A few weeks ago, Miss Street's father had to be taken to hospital. While he was there her mother contracted pneumonia and died.

If ever her position called for sympathy and understanding, it was surely then. But she got neither.

Two days after her mother's funeral Miss Street was taken, without her consent, to Winchester, and there ushered into the local workhouse.

In the next few days she learned that her cottage home had been cleared of the furniture in readiness for occupation by a new tenant.

Miss Street asked to be given her liberty so that she might return to Dean to look after the storing of her own and her father's property. The request was refused.

Instead, she was removed from the workhouse to a public lunatic asylum at Basingstoke, where she is still detained.

The poor woman is in anguish. Except for the breaking of a window she has never in all her life done any person any harm. She is not a menace either to herself or society.

There is intense local indignation at the manner of Miss Street's treatment by the authorities at a time when she was distracted with grief by her mother's death and worried by her father's illness in hospital.

This indignation will become much more widespread if prompt action is not taken to end her banishment.

Baby BURNED *in Hospital*

FOR six months a two-year-old baby has been lying in a ward of Bowthorpe Hospital, Norwich. This is a poor law institution and the authorities have, of course, every right to claim payment for the treatment of patients if their relatives can afford to make it.

But a claim of the kind which they have just sent out to the parents of this child is surely the most unconscionable demand ever made in the name of a public hospital.

The baby for whose maintenance a charge is being made has actually been in this institution all these months because of a clear act of negligence on the part of the hospital concerned.

The infant's mother, Mrs. Madden, who lives at Bolingbroke Road, Norwich, was a patient in the hospital six months ago.

As no provision could be made for her two-year-old son, Gordon, to be looked after while she was there the baby was admitted to hospital with her and placed with other children in the nursery ward.

One afternoon a nurse came to Mrs. Madden's bedside with a document on which she asked her to place her signature. When the woman read it, she saw that what was being asked of her was an authorisation for her baby to be put under an anæsthetic so that an operation could be performed for serious burns on its lower limbs.

It was the first intimation the mother had been given that any mishap had befallen her little son.

She asked question after question, but could get no definite information. All that could be told her was that the baby had been found lying on the nursery floor with severe burns, obviously inflicted by contact with steam pipes running round the lower part of the walls.

Bit by bit, however, Mrs. Madden and her husband have been able to obtain exact information. The only point on which they can learn nothing is the actual time the child lay suffering from the terrible burns before it was discovered.

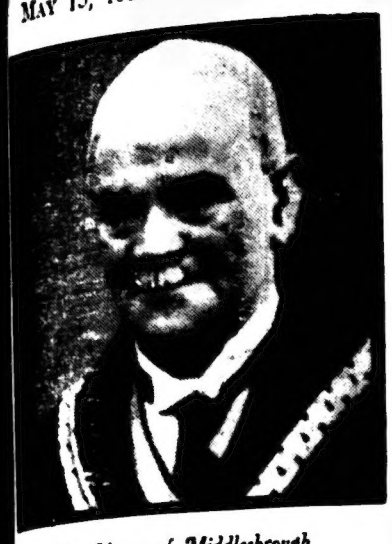
* * *

The truth which has been established is that the baby was left unattended in the nursery. He had made his way from his cot to the wall, tried to climb on the steam pipes and had fallen with the lower part of his body wedged between one of them and the wall.

Six months of treatment have not been sufficient for the child to recover. If he ever does, he must remain scarred for life.

On behalf of their infant son the parents have endeavoured to obtain some measure of compensation, properly contending that it was scandalous that a child of this age should have been left in a ward of a public hospital without supervision and in proximity to unguarded steam pipes.

The authorities have not only denied all liability. They have now ordered that the parents must pay for the maintenance of the baby in the hospital where it was burned in such extraordinary circumstances!



The Mayor of Middlesbrough (Mr. George Carter) cannot let this scandal pass

SCANDAL of *Old Soldier's* BURIAL

THIS is perhaps the most despicable story that has ever had to be told regarding the death of a British ex-Service man.

The incredible events concern the burial of Thomas Brown, who has died at Middlesbrough, at the age of sixty-five.

Brown could have been exempt by his age from military service, but he enlisted within a few hours of the outbreak of the Great War and served with distinction in the Yorkshire Regiment.

* * *

His war service ruined his health, but he refused to make any claim for pension. His principle was that while he could get the lightest work he would remain independent.

But less than a year ago he could go on no longer. He became bedridden and was removed to a ward in the municipal workhouse of Middlesbrough, where he remained until his death a few days ago.

No intimation of Brown's passing was given by the authorities to any of his friends, and it was not until two days afterwards that members of a social club to which he belonged learned the news.

They were dismayed when they were also informed that it was intended to bury him in a pauper's grave next day.

Immediate action was taken to prevent this disgrace by the authorities to the memory of a comrade.

An approach was made to the Guild of Help, an organisation which, by voluntary service, performs fine social work on the North-East coast.

* * *

There was no hesitation on the part of the governors of that body. They decided at once that Brown should have decent burial, and that he should be escorted to his grave by a representative company of ex-Service men.

The poor law authorities were instructed to cancel their arrangements for a pauper's funeral and informed of the intention to provide an interment worthy of the man and his record.

But when all the new arrangements had been completed and the mourning and bearer parties chosen there came an astounding announcement.

It was that the poor law authorities, notwithstanding the messages conveyed to them, had refused to postpone the funeral even for the few hours necessary to permit of the better arrangements.

They had ordered that Brown should be buried in a pauper's grave in accordance with their first intentions.

He was laid to rest in this manner without a single mourner or former comrade being present.

It is the most scandalous case of the dishonouring in death of a British soldier that has probably ever occurred.

AMAZING BLUNDER of Boys' Arrests

PUBLIC opinion has never been more agitated than it is at present regarding the number of people who are arrested on the flimsiest suspicion.

Particularly disquieting is a case of this kind which has been under the notice of JOHN BULL for some weeks, and which can only now be made known because the police and court proceedings have just ended.

Two lads, about seventeen years of age, are the parties in it. They are Daniel Hart and George Abrahams, both of whom are messenger boys living in the Burdett Road district of East London.

Both boys are of unblemished character. Their former headmasters and their present employers give them glowing testimonials.

Hart and Abrahams have been chums for some years, and it is their weekly custom to meet on Saturday night after work about ten o'clock.

Their usual rendezvous is a street only a stone's throw from their homes. It is a well-lighted thoroughfare carrying a constant stream of pedestrians.

When the lads last met there, they had only been in conversation on the pavement for a few minutes when there passed them in the roadway a man pushing a perambulator and accompanied by his wife.

One of the boys held in his hand a very small screwdriver, which he always carried in his pocket in case it was required for repairs to the bicycle which he uses in his work as a messenger.

This boy, while talking to his friend, had the point of the screwdriver at his lips—his own words are that he was "fiddling with it at his teeth."

Suddenly, the man with the perambulator in the roadway stopped and looked at the boys. He had seen the screwdriver. He seized both of them, and then told his wife to proceed home with the perambulator and the baby.

Daniel Hart, one of the boys accused in such extraordinary circumstances

Next he informed the two astounded lads that he was a police officer, that he believed one of them had been using the screwdriver on the lock of a shop at the door of which they were standing, and that he would charge them with attempted shopbreaking.

Under arrest, Hart and Abrahams were taken to a police station, charged and placed in the cells until their parents arrived to procure their release on bail.

* * *

While his son was still in custody, the father of one of the lads acted promptly and efficiently.

First he called a police officer and asked that he should examine the lock of the shop door. The officer did so with his lantern, and declared that there were no marks at all on it which would suggest that it had ever been tampered with.

Next the father obtained the services of an expert locksmith and had the lock completely removed and dismantled. The locksmith reported, after microscopic examination, that there was no evidence at all that there had ever been any instrument in the lock except the key which was normally used in it.

The innocence of the two boys was therefore beyond doubt. But the evidence of the police officer, who had left his wife and perambulator to arrest them, was so definite regarding the interference with the lock that it constituted a *prima facie* case.

Because they had been charged with an indictable offence, the police court magistrate could take no other course than to commit them to the London Sessions for trial by jury.

Hart and Abrahams belong to humble homes. Their families were in torment awaiting the trial. Fortunately, friends who were aware of the astonishing circumstances of the case came to their help to provide the boys with proper legal defence.

But no defence was necessary.

As soon as Sir Herbert Wilberforce, chairman of the Sessions, heard the police evidence and saw that it could not withstand cross-examination, he remarked that "there was nothing in it."

With this view the jury readily agreed. They intimated that the case should be stopped. They did not want to hear any defence So one of the flimsiest prosecutions ever heard in a British court collapsed and the boys were acquitted.

Of course, the charge against them should never have been entertained at all. The torture suffered for weeks was needlessly inflicted.

The mistake made by the policeman who arrested them could, and should, have been discovered at the outset.

VENGEANCE TWICE EXACTED

Mr. D. L. Davies, M.P. for Pontypridd, should make first-hand investigation

MOST extraordinary of all the tendencies in present-day public administration is that of penalising people twice for the same offence. It has been condemned a number of times by judges and magistrates, but there is no cessation on the part of the authorities concerned.

Frequently, for instance, JOHN BULL has had to describe cases in which unemployed men have, largely in ignorance, made mistakes in claiming benefit or public assistance.

First they are haled before the local authority, and a penalty imposed by the stoppage of payments to them and their families. Not content with this measure of retribution, the authorities next bring them before the courts and demand that they should be dealt with as criminals.

Now this pernicious practice has spread to the administration of the widows' pension scheme.

And by far the worst case in connection with it so far investigated by JOHN BULL concerns a Mrs. Frances Barker, who lives in a bungalow situated almost in a mountain fastness at Llandraw, near Pontypridd, at the gateway to the Rhondda.

Since her husband's death three years ago, Mrs. Barker has received a widow's pension of 10s. a week for herself, and a combined orphans' pension of 14s. in respect of four of her children.

Recently the woman committed an offence against the pensions regulations. She formed an association with a man, which automatically disqualified her, but not her children, from obtaining further pension payments

She continued drawing her pension for sixteen weeks—£8 in all—before she became aware that she was infringing the statute.

But she is a completely honest woman, and, as soon as she realised the error, she communicated with the authorities and informed them of all the facts.

They held a meeting about the matter and decided, first, that steps should be taken to recover the £8 which Mrs. Barker had wrongly received.

They did so by completely withholding for a period the pensions payments to which her children were entitled!

In consequence of this extraordinarily harsh action, the little ones have been in extreme privation for weeks. Official vengeance was exacted at a terrible price.

The authorities, however, did not stop there. They held another meeting, and this time, although they had fully recovered all their money at the expense of the innocent children, they resolved to prosecute the mother with all the rigour of the law.

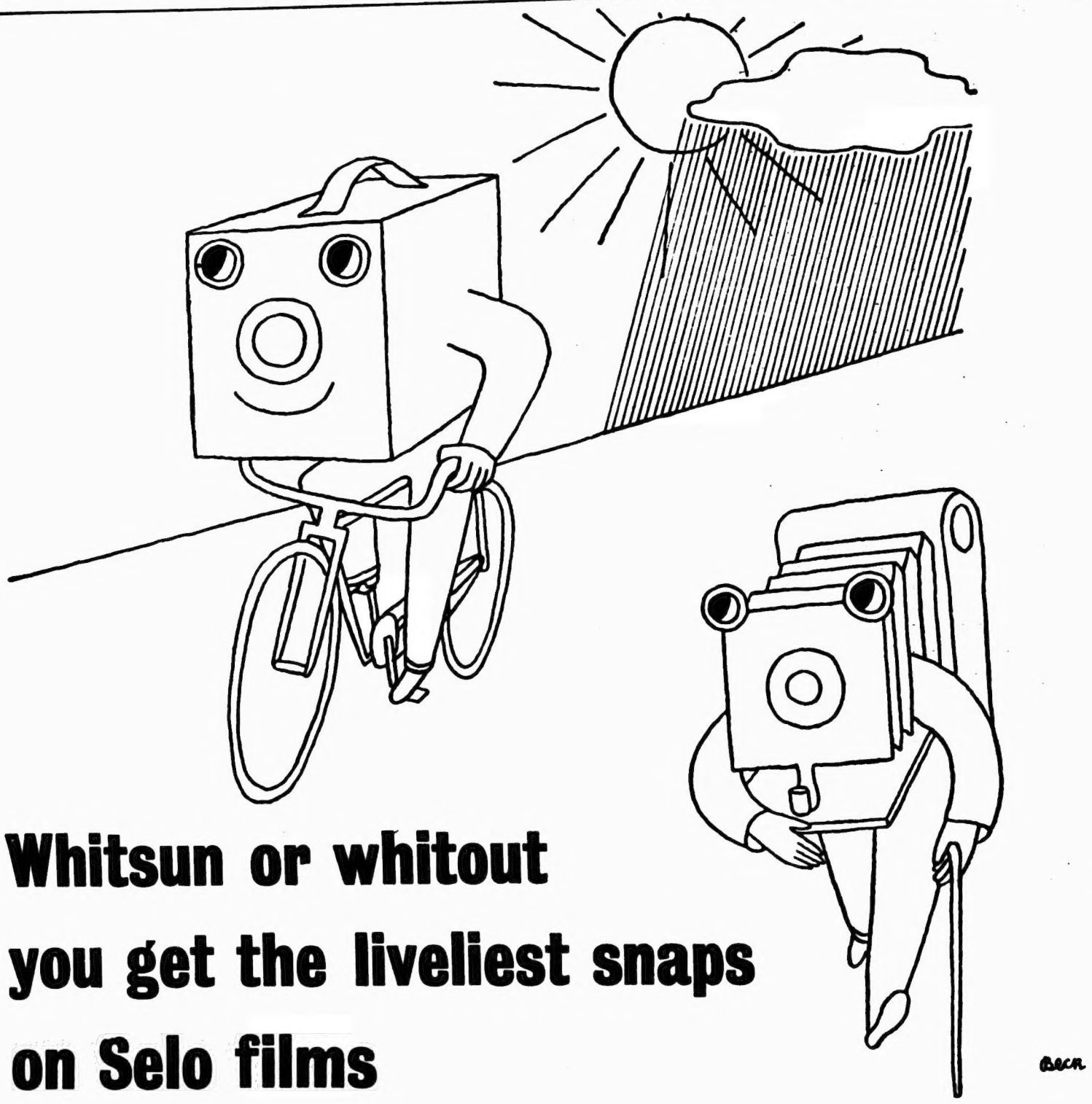
So Mrs. Barker has just made an appearance in the dock at the police court, charged with receiving the £8 of pension to which she was not entitled, but which has been recovered.

A remarkable feature of the proceedings was that it did not emerge that it was the woman herself who, in the first place, made it known to the authorities that she had been receiving the pension after she had committed the technical act of disqualification.

The magistrates decided that a conviction must be recorded, ordered her to pay the costs of the prosecution, and bound her over for two years. They took this course because the police testified that she was a woman of excellent character.

The pensions authorities took extraordinary licence when they decided to penalise Mrs. Barker before she had appeared in court. Their action in recovering the money by withholding the means of sustenance from the children for so long was monstrous.

It is a typical case of inflicting a double penalty for one offence, which should be borne in mind by Members of Parliament when they are required, as they soon will be, to consider the prevalence of this abuse of justice.



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BEFORE HE GOES—

Opening the Imperial Conference . . .
Closing a fine career.

BALDWIN'S LAST BIG JOB

by **A. G. Gardiner**

IN opening the Imperial Conference at Westminster this week-end Mr. Baldwin may be said to be performing the last official duty that falls to him as Prime Minister. No occasion could more fittingly be associated with the close of his public career.

Among the gifts which have won for him the affection and esteem of the nation without regard to creed or Party is his power of touching the minds and hearts of men to the finer issues of life and affairs.

And the assembly of what we may call the Parliament of the British Commonwealth of Nations offers an appropriate platform for his last official exercise of that gift.

There is no need to stress the importance of the Conference which he formally opens. It marks the solidarity of the British peoples throughout the world in a time of unparalleled anxiety, and its deliberations cannot fail to have a far-reaching and, we may hope, a steadying influence upon affairs both within and without the British Commonwealth.

It is just fifty years since, in the Jubilee year of 1887, the practice of summoning the representatives of the overseas Dominions into conference with the Government of the Mother Country was inaugurated.

Much has changed in the status of the dominions in the interval.

Then they were Colonies largely under the control of Whitehall. To-day they are free and independent States, entirely self-governing and bound together only by community of race, speech and tradition, and by a common loyalty to the Throne.

Not only has the relationship of the Mother Country to her offshoots changed, those offshoots have undergone vast internal reconstruction.

For example, Australia is no longer merely a group of separate states. It has become a unified Commonwealth, with a system of government extending over the whole of that great continent. Cape Colony has become absorbed in the Union of South Africa, whose territory extends from the Cape to the Rhodesian frontier.

Main Issues

And the great Indian dependency has, under its new Constitution, made a long stride towards that goal of self-government which is its ultimate objective.

In view of all this the Conference has assumed a wholly new character. Britain no longer calls the tune and dictates the policy. The members of the Commonwealth meet on an equal footing and negotiate on equal terms.

We are ceasing to be an Empire, and are becoming a voluntary federation of free peoples, united by the ties of common ancestry and civilisation, by mutual good will and self-interest, and by devotion to a common sovereignty.

It is important to bear this great change in mind. It does not mean a decline in the prestige of the British system in the world. It means, if properly understood, an enhancement of that prestige. In a world which is reacting to tyranny, the British Commonwealth is the most splendid witness to the virtues of freedom and self-government.

Three main subjects will dominate the discussion of the Conference. They are foreign affairs, defence and economic relations.

The time has, of course, gone by when this country could dictate foreign policy to the Dominions. After the experience of the last war it was clear that they would reserve to themselves much more independence of action on the issues of war and peace in the future.

Each has its own angle of approach and its own special problems. Mr. Mackenzie King for Canada must be influenced by his proximity to the United States.

Mr. Lyons for Australia, and Mr. Savage for New Zealand, are concerned with Japan and the Pacific.

Dr. Hertzog for South Africa sees world affairs through the racial perplexities of the African continent. But fundamentally there is a common ground on which common action should be possible.

That common ground is the desire for peace, the love of freedom and the preservation of the Commonwealth, which means security to all alike.

The struggle between democracy and dictatorship is being fought out in Europe; but the result will not be confined to Europe, and the Dominions are as deeply concerned in the issue as we are.

For these reasons, effective agreement on the broad tendencies of policy should be possible.

And in this respect it should be the aim of the British Commonwealth, through its Conference, to work in as close sympathy and co-operation with the United States as conditions permit.

In all essentials, American sentiment on world policy is in step with our own, and it is not too much to say that if the two great English-speaking families could act together in the cause of world peace, that cause would be irresistible.

No Dictating

The Conference could achieve nothing more desirable than to pave the way to such co-operation.

The problem of defence is subject to the same collective interest as policy. In the past, the Dominions have been content to rely on the defensive measures of this country, especially in regard to the Navy.

But the burden of making the Empire secure has grown beyond the power of this country to carry, and with the political independence of the Dominions, a heavier responsibility falls upon them in this great matter.

That responsibility is being realised, especially in Australia. Here again there is a fundamental community of interest. We cannot dictate to the Dominions what they shall spend and what they shall do.

But it is vital to their own safety that whatever is done should be done in accordance with a common policy of defence, and that there should be the fullest co-operation in such activities as the provision of air and naval bases, the improvement of communications and the co-ordination of training and equipment.

On these matters the recent tour of the Dominions by Sir Maurice Hankey, the secretary to the Imperial Defence Committee, should throw invaluable light.

There remains the great and thorny question of economic relations. Here there is an unavoidable collision of interests that will be difficult to smooth out. That collision has been illustrated by the working of the Ottawa agreements.

The revision of those agreements is not down on the agenda of the Conference. It is reserved for separate negotiations.

But it is to be hoped that the Conference will face the economic question in a bold and statesmanlike spirit. Here again there is common ground. The political disorders that threaten the peace of the world largely spring from economic causes. The trade channels of the world are obstructed by tariffs and quotas and all the devices of an insane nationalism.

World Outlook

Until these barriers are removed and the currents of trade are unimpeded, there can be no lasting economic recovery and no political peace. We cannot hope for a dramatic and complete abolition of the restrictions on trade, and while there are tariffs, a measure of Imperial preference is unavoidable.

But the conditions are ripe for a great step forward in the liberation of trade. No special interests should be allowed to prevent a release which, in increasing the volume of world trade and the consumptive power of the people everywhere, would benefit everybody.

The omens are all favourable. The investigations of Mr. Van Zeeland, the inspiriting lead of the Scandinavian Powers towards freer trade, the much more enlightened temper on the tariff question in the United States, all point to an opportunity that should be seized with eagerness and turned to great ends.

If the Conference uses that opportunity boldly it will give an impulse to commerce that cannot fail to have beneficial reactions on the political outlook of the world.

CORONATION REVIEW

WITH special photographers posted at privileged positions along the Coronation route and in the Abbey during the ceremony, *Weekly Illustrated* will bring you wonderful pictures of the scenes of pageantry and grandeur at this historic ceremony. Interest in this event is world-wide—you can see the whole glamorous scene in your own home in the pictures in *Weekly Illustrated*.

Published at the usual price of 2d., this brilliant issue will be treasured as a pictorial interpretation of this epoch-making event. Order a copy of this week's *Weekly Illustrated* to-day!

★ *Politics and You*

Think Again, Mr. Morrison

OUR Minister of Agriculture has been having a thin time lately. He's had to face a revolt among his followers in the House, some of whom carried their annoyance to the length of voting against the Government.

Reason? They couldn't see why ordinary workmen shouldn't be treated like other people and compensated when they get thrown out of their jobs through the passing of an Act of Parliament.

* * *

The question arose on the Livestock Industry Bill. This measure was foreshadowed by JOHN BULL several months ago. It is now going through Parliament.

Its purpose is to reorganise cattle-raising in this country on a national and permanent basis. It proposes to do this by putting a tax on foreign beef coming in; giving a subsidy of £5,000,000 a year to cattle-breeders; and closing redundant markets and slaughter-houses.

The expectation is that the tax will put up the price of foreign beef to the housewife enough to make it worth her while to start buying English meat which the British farmer, helped by the subsidy, will be able to supply at a reasonable figure.

But whether things will work out this way has yet to be seen. The shutting-down of small markets, however, will undoubtedly do all that is claimed in the way of reducing overhead charges.

And considerable sums towards reduction of costs will also accrue from the disposal of offals and hides by the concentration of killing in large central abattoirs.

The closing of markets and slaughter-houses will extinguish rights and affect auctioneers, landowners and other business interests. These the Bill proposes to compensate. But the elderly clerk in the office of one of these firms, or the outside porter, is to get nothing.

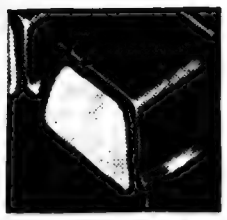
* * *

Mr. William Morrison's excuse for such different treatment was that it was the usual practice followed in previous cases, and that to depart from it would be dangerous.

This argument, however, cuts no ice with JOHN BULL. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The subsidy and tax between them could easily bear this slight additional cost which common justice demands. Think again, Mr. Morrison.

NEW MARZIPAN-FILLED CHOCOLATE TO BE THIS SUMMER'S FLAVOUR-FAVOURITE

Makes your mouth water as soon as you taste it



A new taste has come into the world. A week ago and there was nothing like these marzipan-filled chocolates to be bought anywhere. To-day—you'll find all the shops have them on the front of their counters and everyone is tasting them for the first time. It's a *new* flavour—a lingering crisp almondy flavour you've never tasted before. Not just a mixture of the taste of very good milk chocolate and very good marzipan—in 'Chocolate Marzipan' both flavours join together on your tongue—blend and mingle into a delightful taste of that's not *two* tastes but *one*. There's a special something about all the Cadbury-filled blocks—about the melting smoothness of Caramello, about Truffle, Turkish Delight and all of them. That's why they're all so popular—they're *different*, they're *special*. And now that Chocolate Marzipan is here you'll find it pretty hard to choose which to buy. But to-day is Marzipan's birthday—to-day choose Chocolate Marzipan, the new exciting flavour that no one in the world ever had a chance to taste before.

Here's a cross section of one piece. See? Each separate piece is just like a chocolate from an expensive chocolate box, *yet each one is an eighth part of what you get for 2d.!*

BEFORE *She's a back number—she's not tasted this new flavour—she's just wondering what on earth everyone she knows is 'oohing' and 'aahing' about. Still she's nearly as sensible as you are—she'll be going out to try Chocolate Marzipan in half an hour or so.*

AFTER *Now she knows the secret of 'the chocolate box for 2d.' No wonder she's as pleased as Judy! It's a NEW flavour—something different—and she certainly thinks it's a winner.*

It's one of the

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

GOSSIP-MONGERS DEFEATED

Bishop Sick of Religion—Hero's Splendid Folly—Joy for Poor Children

DEAR MR. R. R. HYDE,—Let me congratulate you for attacking so vigorously those scandal-mongers who spread malicious reports concerning the King's health.

We have all heard the calumnies which suggest that the King's heart is weak, "the princesses are deaf, dumb or imbecile, the Queen is deaf."

Most of us have been revolted by them. But some people, instead of dismissing them as the preposterous stupidities they are, have gleefully repeated them and added infamous details from their own imagination.

I wish a denial had been issued before. For though it is often wiser in private life to ignore baseless and ignorant chatter, slander on the Royal Family is a matter of public importance and calls for a public refutation.

Obviously only a man with intimate knowledge of our new King, and preferably a man holding no State position, could discharge that task.

You, as director of the Industrial Welfare Society, were just the man. King George's close interest in your society has enabled you to see much of him during the last nineteen years; you have seen him in the most diverse circumstances and moods.

* * *

Even without your testimony, the absurdity of the slanders can be gauged by the fact that during the past ten years the Royal Family has kept 3,000 public engagements. Of these, the King and Queen, as Duke and Duchess of York, kept more than 800—which is probably a record.

Could physically unfit people have led so strenuous and exacting a life?

But, of course, the gossips are as heedless of facts as they are of decency, as contemptuous of great personages as of humbler folk.

Often I am tempted to describe gossip as the biggest bane of life in Britain. I do not know how many hundreds of people have been driven to suicide by infamous slander, how many thousands have been caused misery and anxiety by untrue tittle-tattle.

No one knows. But our judges and social workers can testify to the magnitude of the mischief; so, indeed, does my own postbag.

* * *

The only remedy is an idealistic one—a change of heart in the gossips. To bring that about we can do little; but we can remember that it is the duty of us all to discount rumours which cannot be substantiated, and to deny them when we are aware of their untruth.

And in stressing the falsity of calumnies on the King, his wife and children, you have performed a public service.—JOHN BULL.

Bishop NEVILLE TALBOT,
Nottingham

DEAR BISHOP,—I can understand that your experiences as a padre during the war made you sick of religion.

But I don't credit the reason you give—that the average soldier turned to religion only when he was in a blue funk.

There are many ways in which non-churchgoers show their belief. Ever heard a 90,000 Cup Final crowd singing "Abide With Me"?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM KING,
Conroy Street, London, S.W.

DEAR MR. KING, — Common sense should have persuaded you, when leaving the doctor with instructions not to work for six months, to avoid both exertion and excitement.

Instead of which you raced through the smoke of a burning house and rescued an aged woman.

Foolish of you, no doubt. But what splendid folly!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. C. LAWDER,
Mayor of Stepney

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—I am cheered to see that not until July 9 will your Coronation celebrations end, and that until that date you will be sending away a thousand boys and girls for a fortnight's holiday at New Romney.

A fitting climax to festivities which, in all, will cost £20,000—and a fine example of the generosity of London's East End.—JOHN BULL.

In tucking up your sleeves to protect the King you've earned the public's thanks!

Dr. GUIDO FISCHER,
Munich University

HERR DOKTOR,—Your account of how the "next great war" will begin should be noted by democratic countries—of war sudden and devastating, without formal declaration, the bombing and machine-gunning of women and children.

And this forecast of what you are pleased to call a "totalitarian war" is all the more dreadfully realistic because of the operations of your hero, Hitler, in Spain.

Guernica is evidence enough of the ferocity of German armed might.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. G. HEMMERDE, K.C.,
Liverpool

DEAR SIR,—I like your comments when sentencing a woman to a day's imprisonment for bigamy.

You made it clear that the law necessitated punishment, but the woman had left her husband five years before because of cruelty and you thought that should be a ground for divorce.

"Some day we may be living under civilised laws," you say. You think it won't be long. But I fear it will be very long before the divorce laws are made really humane.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GORDON SELFRIDGE,
Oxford Street, London

DEAR MR. SELFRIDGE,—I'm glad you are applying for naturalisation, for it's only right that the American who has taught the nation of shopkeepers to run shops on modern lines should become one of us.

"At heart I am already an Englishman," you say. The mere fact that you've spent so many thousands on Coronation decorations for your Oxford Street premises is proof of that.—JOHN BULL.

BRITISH ROAD FEDERATION,
London

GENTLEMEN,—Thanks for pointing out that there are now 210 Acts and Regulations governing road transport, covering 600 pages of small print, 1,775 sections and 4,518 sub-sections.

It seems a lot, though I fancy the laws relating to housing and income tax are even more prolix and complicated.

But it's no use asking for such things to be simplified. Even too much to hope that one day our legislators will decide to frame future laws in language that the ordinary man can understand!—JOHN BULL.

Rev. NORMAN EDWARDS,
Newcastle Free Church Council

REV. SIR,—You just amuse me by describing Gosforth rulers as "unenlightened" because they allow Sunday cinemas.

I prefer to believe that it is the ministers and bigwigs who think they can drive folk to church by depriving them of all amusements who are really living in the dark ages.

Even a Sabbatarian shouldn't damn toleration as unenlightened.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. BRUCE WYCHERLEY,
Building Society Chief

DEAR MR. WYCHERLEY,—Yes, the desire to buy one's own house may be a modern development, but it's come to stay.

I agree that the decline in population, which will soon begin, will not therefore seriously restrict the scope of building society activity.

And since, as you point out, families seem to flourish more vigorously in houses than in flats, the increase in house ownership may lessen the fall in population.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. H. SPEIGHT,
Weights Supt., Newcastle

DEAR SIR,—I hope you are wrong in anticipating that many shopkeepers will defy the new Sunday trading law and refuse week-day holidays to employees who have to work on Sundays.

But I dare say there will be a few black sheep. And, since you don't intend to prosecute until you are satisfied they fully understand the new regulations, take care you're not hoodwinked.

Some employers who "don't understand" a new law prefer not to understand it.—JOHN BULL.

Sir Wm. DAVISON,
M.P. for South Kensington

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—When you complained that 3,500,000 people provided half the revenue of the country you overlooked the fact that these "poor" people have four-fifths of the wealth of the country.

Don't forget, either that the ordinary consumers are paying more in taxation than is being raised in income tax and super tax, and, unlike many of your friends, they can't fall back on the dividends from Britain's £3,800,000,000 overseas investments.—JOHN BULL.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Lucky Lovelies

DON'T put your daughter in the City,
Mrs. Worthington,
Don't let your daughter learn to type.
She may become proficient, but she'll find
the struggle tough;
Though she fingers the keys
With miraculous ease,
This is not *quite* enough!
At dictation she may prove herself an ace,
But I have doubts about her face,
Nor is her figure really ripe;
So do not hope, Mrs. Worthington,
Nope, Mrs. Worthington,
Don't let your daughter learn to type!

What Mrs. Worthington is to do with that rather plain daughter of hers is indeed a problem. Mr. Noel Coward has advised against putting her on the stage, and it appears that putting her in a City office would ensure for the dear child an equally unpromising future.

For in awarding damages to an English typist whose face was scarred in a motoring accident, the Viennese Supreme Court has laid it down that "It is notorious that in this profession the outward appearance of female employees plays a major part."

This judicial pronouncement should finally banish the illusion that the major qualifications required of a shorthand-typist are shorthand and typing. These, of course, should not be entirely neglected, and a certain facility in correcting the boss's grammar is not to be despised; but such minor accomplishments will not enable an ambitious girl to attain a key (board) position in the City.

A weary Titan of the business world, arriving at his office at noon with the prospect of a heavy day's lunch ahead, or returning (at 5.35 or thereabouts) to grapple with the morning's mail, after a gruelling afternoon's golf, must be able to soothe his jagged nerves by feasting his eyes on beauty.

In the throes of literary composition, your business man is as susceptible to his environment as any poet who ever penned a sonnet to his mistress's (probably non-existent) eyebrows. Many a City dictator has made a brilliant beginning with "Your esteemed favour of even date to hand," but has been unable to maintain his prose style at this level upon catching sight of the nose of his amanuensis.

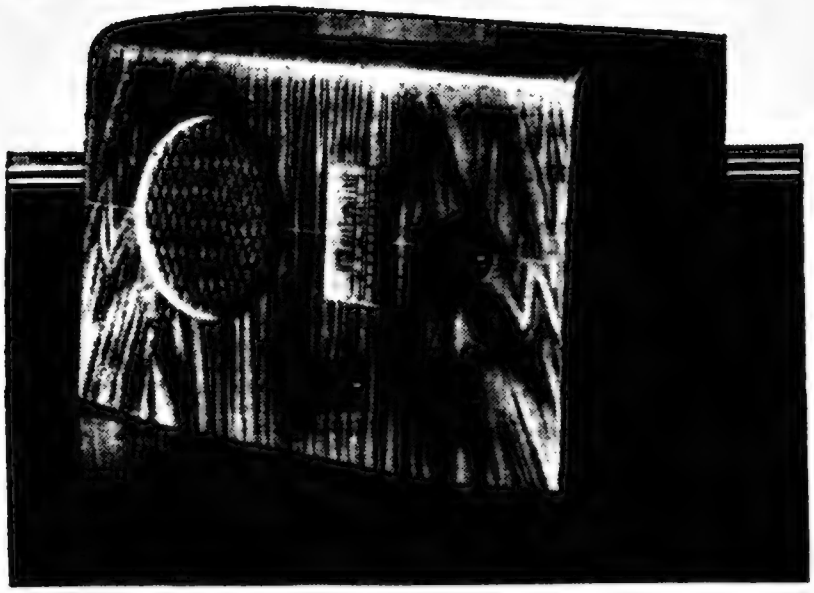
It is, therefore, not surprising to learn, on the authority of Miss Kathleen Howard, the young lady who was the subject of the Viennese award, that "Only a beautiful typist can get the pick of the jobs." What, however, some of us would like to learn is what precisely are these jobs of which only the loveliest of the lovelies can get the pick?

If your figure is sylph-like and supple,
If your skin has a delicate hue,
And of eyes you are blessed with a couple
Like vi'lets bespangled with dew,
If your teeth are as pearls and your hair
has a sheen,
The City will recognise you as a queen—
And plonk you in front of a typing
machine!

Your sisters who're sallow or thinnish
All vainly such triumphs will seek!
Your hours will be nine-till-you-finish,
Your wage *may* be four quid a week!
Oh, who would not yearn to make Beauty
a cult
When long happy years from such efforts
result
Replying to "yours of the thirty-first
ult."?

Y. Z.

It's quite capable of standing up for itself!



IF you are spending about £8 on a radio set, there is only one thing will stop you buying the new Murphy universal mains set—that is, not taking the trouble to hear it for yourself.

If you will go to that bit of extra trouble to compare the Murphy with any other sets you like at about the same price, I have no doubts about the result. This £8 5s. Murphy is quite capable of standing up for itself without any selling talk from me or the Murphy dealer.

E. J. POWER

Universal Model for use on A.C. or D.C. Mains .. .. (as illustrated)

£8.5s.

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Supersonic Heterodyne Receiver. Reproduction is extraordinarily fine. The Tuning Scale is marked with station names both on long and medium waves, with separate illumination for whichever waveband is in use. Sensitivity and selectivity are excellent, and the standard of reliability is the same as the more expensive Murphy sets. This set has noise suppression between stations. The Cabinet is finished in highly polished Walnut with black sides.

HIRE PURCHASE TERMS AVAILABLE ON ALL MODELS

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Other models include:

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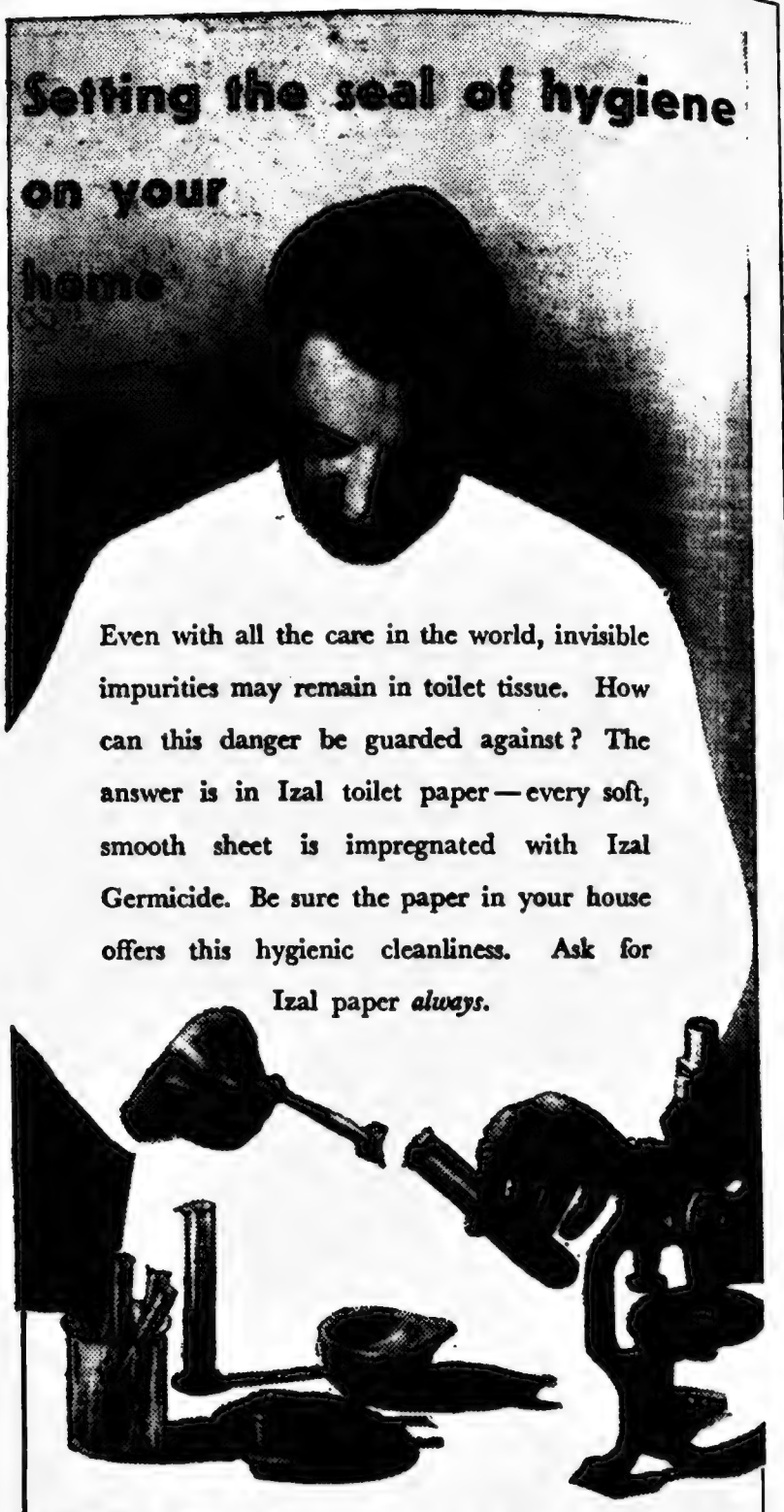
C. R. Cannon 645



Even with all the care in the world, invisible impurities may remain in toilet tissue. How can this danger be guarded against? The answer is in Izal toilet paper—every soft, smooth sheet is impregnated with Izal Germicide. Be sure the paper in your house offers this hygienic cleanliness. Ask for Izal paper *always*.

IZAL *antiseptic*
TOILET **PAPER**

6D. *In rolls or packets fitting standard holders*

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Floodlighting reveals many beauties that are hidden by day

WORLD'S *most wonderful* HOUSE

BEHIND the gates of the most famous house in the world lies a hundred years of history.

For Buckingham Palace, London home of the Sovereign, is exactly a century old.

In May, 1837—when William IV reigned—report was made to Parliament that "the new Palace of Pimlico" was complete and ready for occupation.

The cost to the nation of its furnishing and building was approximately £750,000. The present value of the palace, its site and the treasures of its contents is estimated to exceed £4,000,000.

King George IV started the palace, with Nash, the designer of Regent Street, as his architect. The King bought old Buckingham House at a price of £28,000, and induced Parliament to find the money for the erection of a new palace.

Twice the work was held up because Parliament cut short supplies owing to the gross extravagance in which Nash indulged.

Queen Victoria

Death took the King before the palace of his ideal was more than two-thirds finished.

Neither did William IV live there. For some reason he disliked the place, and suggested it should be converted into a Houses of Parliament!

It was left to the girl Queen Victoria to be the first royal resident.

On the morning of July 13, 1837, the Queen drove in State from Kensington in open landau, with outriders and escort, to enter into occupation of her "Palace of Pimlico," which afterwards was renamed Buckingham Palace.

Edward VII

Wandering on a tour of inspection through the rooms of the palace, Queen Victoria is recorded as having been free in her criticisms of some of the furnishings and decorations.

Particularly she resented "this newfangled illumination of the principal rooms by coal gas," and said she would always prefer candles. Incidentally, Buckingham Palace was one of the first houses in all London to be equipped with gas lighting.

★ ★ ★

From Buckingham Palace, on June 28, 1838, Queen Victoria went forth to her crowning. From there also she drove out as a bride in a wedding gown of white satin costing £3,000.

At the palace the Queen and her husband spent the happiest years of their life together. When the Prince Consort died, the Queen gave orders that not a thing in his rooms was to be moved or altered. Even the music before the organ in his sitting-room was left untouched.

Each day the Prince's clothes were laid out by a valet, just as though he were alive. That custom persisted for forty years.

Frequently the Queen would visit the Prince Consort's suite and sit in silent grief alone with her memories. After the death of the Prince, she hated the palace and was in residence there as little as possible.

Her last appearance at the palace was on the day in March, 1900, when Ladysmith was relieved after prolonged siege by the Boers.

Crowds were frantically cheering outside the gates, and the aged Queen was wheeled in her chair to an upper window and waved her hand to the rejoicing people.

At her Diamond Jubilee Queen Victoria came out on the palace balcony with her sons, her grandsons and her great-grandsons. Our present King was then a baby in arms accompanied by his nurse.

During its early years as a royal residence the running of the palace was chaotic. The windows were never properly cleaned. The work of cleaning the inside of the windows was carried out by the Lord Chamberlain's department, while cleaning the outside was done by the Office of Works. This dual cleaning never coincided, owing to disagreement.

Consequently the windows were grimed and dirty. The Queen complained that she could only get a view over London by climbing to the roof.

At that time the Marble Arch was the entrance gate to the palace. It was moved to its present position at the top corner of Hyde Park.

Prince Consort placed the management of the palace on a proper footing, and curtailed all kinds of useless expenditure. Orders for goods supplied to the royal household were inadequately supervised, and extensive robbery was taking place.

★ ★ ★

He discovered, for example, that 200 coloured candles were supplied to the palace daily for several years, although not required. The order was given in 1838 on the occasion of a ball, and remained uncancelled.

There were then all kinds of sinecure jobs in connection with the palace. One man, who lived in Edinburgh, received a salary of £500 a year for extinguishing the candles in the royal bedrooms.

One of the mysteries of Buckingham Palace is how, on three occasions, a sixteen-year-old boy, rejoicing in the name of Jones, managed to secure entry to the royal apartments.

George VI

Soon after the birth of the Princess Royal, this lad was found hiding under a sofa in the room next to the Queen's bedchamber.

At a later date he got into the Queen's boudoir and stood behind a chair listening to her conversation with Lord Melbourne.

When caught in the palace a third time, the lad was sent to a "House of Correction," and from there drafted into the Navy. Thereafter his ultimate fate is unknown, which seems a great pity, for he should have gone far!

In the splendid state rooms of the palace comparatively few changes have been made since Victoria's day.

Only lately was a service lift installed between the kitchens and the private dining rooms of the Royal family. Previously the transport of dishes was done by hand.

Chief of the State apartments is the Throne Room—a chamber sixty feet in length—which will be much used during the Coronation.

At one end on a three-tier dais are the twin thrones—the Coronation chairs of King George V and Queen Mary.

Placed in a recess near by is the elaborately gilded throne ordered by Queen Victoria on the first day she visited the palace a hundred years ago. It cost £1,200 to manufacture.

Magnificent marble friezes, illustrating scenes from the War of the Roses, decorate the Throne Room walls. Seven immense cut-glass chandeliers, providing electric light equal to 3,000 wax candles, hang from the ceiling.

George V

Every European monarch and world celebrity of the past century has been entertained at some time at the Palace. The visitors' book holds the most valuable record of autographs in existence.

There is an interesting story concerning President Wilson when he visited London towards the end of 1918; the first President of the United States to do so during his term of office.

A banquet was arranged in honour of the President, who was a little nervous at what he thought might be an ordeal of ceremony. He spoke about his feelings to an American friend, who replied:—

"General Tom Thumb was not frightened at the thought of Buckingham Palace, why should the President of the United States be?"

That was a reference to the appearance of the famous dwarf by Royal command before Queen Victoria. His strutting antics and complete assurance greatly amused the Queen.

★ ★ ★

On the occasion when Marshal Foch was entertained to dinner by King George V after the war, he was given a chair at the dining table which Marshal Soult, the veteran Napoleonic general had occupied at the coronation banquet of Queen Victoria.

Earl Haig, by a happy arrangement, at the dinner, sat in the former chair of the great Duke of Wellington.

Two scenes in the history of the palace will always be particularly memorable.

Approaching twelve o'clock on the night of August 4, 1914. Before the palace massed a madly excited multitude; cheering, shouting, crying for war.

Lights sprang up in the palace windows. The curtains of the centre window balcony were withdrawn. The King and Queen came out, standing side by side together before their people. With a fervour of loyalty the crowds sang "God Save the King."

Morning of November 11, 1918. News of the Armistice signing telephoned to the palace.

Alone, the King went to the palace chapel to offer his prayer to Almighty God for the deliverance of his Empire.

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CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES.—The 1937 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

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A good opportunity to see the world, with good pay, free food and accommodation. Generous periods of leave with cheap travelling facilities.

For full particulars apply to the Recruiting Staff Officer, R.N. & R.M. (J), 85, Whitehall, London, S.W.1, or to any R.N. & R.M. Recruiting Office

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SECTIONAL BUILDINGS.—Prices down and low easy terms. Garden Sheds, Greenhouses, Garages. Write for Free List.—C. Albert & Co. (Dept. J.B.), 187, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

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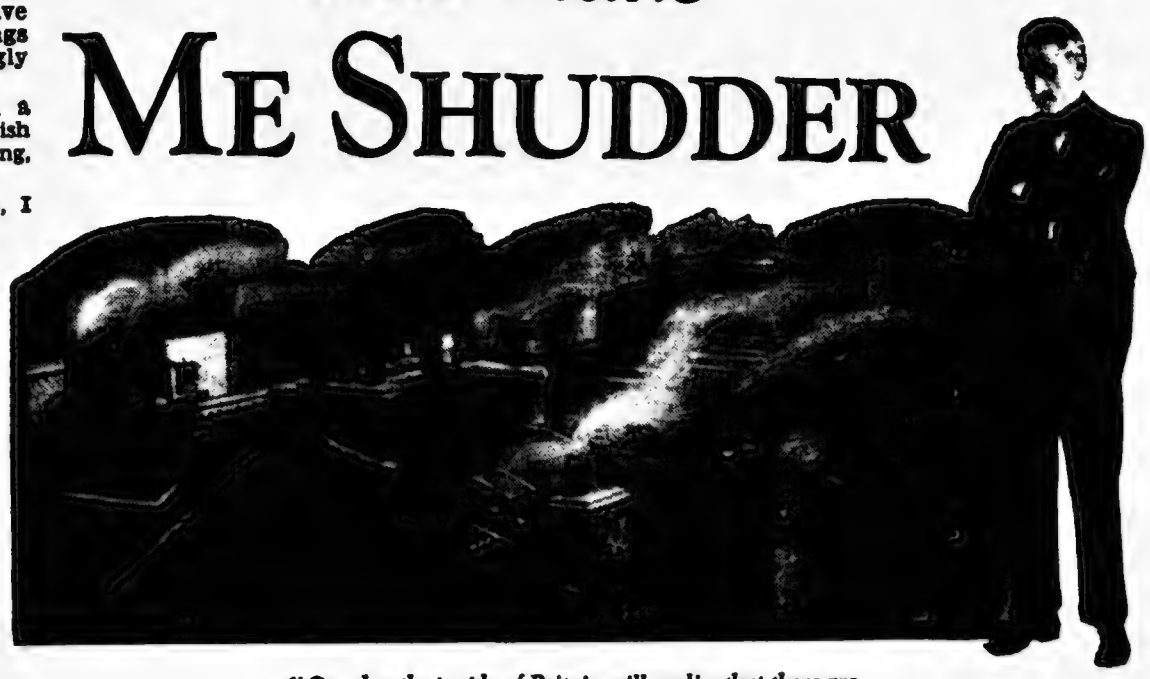
Swaffer On

STREETS that make ME SHUDDER



"One day the people of Britain will realise that there are vast tracts of ugliness that should be pulled down . . ."

NO, I must not mention any town. I can only write generally—or thousands of people will be offended. They have grown to love, you see, for they have always lived in them, surroundings which I, as a stranger, consider ugly and abominable.

I remember, when I had opened a Labour bazaar in Lancashire, an oldish woman coming up to me and saying, "What do you think of our town?"

I am afraid that, for a moment, I stared at her. I wondered what she meant.

All I had seen, when driving from the station, was a dismantled cotton mill just as shapeless as those in use; a pit-shaft; a high-mounting coal-tip, and grass which, to my Southern eyes, looked black.

Then I remembered a reporter friend, son of a Durham miner, who had told me that, when he went to the Isle of Wight, he saw green grass for the first time!

Looking at the woman, I realised what was in her mind. She saw in what I considered ugliness, the romance of her youth, and the family love she had known in her middle-age.

Where I saw only a grim-looking street, her memory was conjuring up the sight of the long-distant past, and the Jim or the John she had met there when they were courting lovers.

Every yard of the town meant something in her life. She had grown so used to the ugliness that she no longer saw it. The town and she were one. They belonged to each other.

So, realising all that, I said, "I like it very much."

But, frankly, I would have pulled the whole darned thing down and rebuilt there, instead, had I the power, a place fit to live in.

◆ Often you cannot be truthful, try as you will. I recall how, standing on the platform of a Yorkshire city, I opened a speech by saying, "How can you people live in an awful place like this? It's not good enough for you."

I saw a look of horror come into the eyes of my audience. They were shocked. Now they lived there, and they were used to it.

Yet I, arriving at the station, had walked out into rainy streets that were dark and grim. There was no cab, big as was the town.

The people were very kind. They seemed to know who I was, and guided me to a meeting. They were so matey that I almost forgot the darkness of the streets, the general lack of any plan, the total lack of beauty.

Then, seeing my audience, intelligent-looking, keen, such nice people, I remembered the streets and told them what I thought. They did not like it!

More recently, I was in another Yorkshire town. I arrived one Saturday afternoon, and was met by the wife of the local M.P. We walked through such drabness, streets utterly undistinguished by any personality, that I said, "How can people live in a place like this?"

"Oh, they love it," the M.P.'s wife replied.

The only decent building I saw was the parish church, one famed, by the way, for its stained-glass window. To get to the meeting we walked down a street so dark that I could not see the pavement.

Then in Wiltshire, the other day, I started a speech by saying "Why don't you light up your town? We Londoners wouldn't stand for the darkness in which you live. Turn your lights up!"

This time there came slight cheering. But, usually, if you go into a town and tell them what you think of it, there is an outcry in the Press that lasts for days.

One day the people of Britain will realise that there are vast tracts of the land—South Wales, for instance, at least half Lancashire and many Yorkshire towns—that should be pulled down and rebuilt; all the towns, I mean, except a few odd churches and town halls which belong to the past and have a meaning.

Otherwise, they remain what they were a century ago—drabness that sprang up in the early days of the industrial revolution. Nothing has changed them. There are streets and streets of houses that have no dignity of any kind, all of the same pattern. You pass miles of them.

One of the greatest chances in the history of this country came at the end of the war. Building was ten years behind. Literally hundreds of thousands of houses were needed.

I know we don't believe in monarchical interference—something of that kind caused the recent abdication of a king—but I have often thought what might have happened had George V sent, in 1919, for the country's leading architects, and all the great housing experts of the land, and said, "Gentlemen, we have to rebuild England. Produce a plan. Try to make the homes of the people as beautiful as you can within the means at your disposal."

Had there been a suggestion of a few peerages, a miracle would have happened. Even without them—well, English architects, I am certain, would rather build beauty than ugliness.

◆ But, no! All that happened was that there was a scramble to build houses for profit. And what was built was, in many places, nearly as bad as—in some towns it was even worse than—what had been built before.

Now London may have its slums—and for years they have been a scandal and a byword—but at least they are not all of a kind.

Our poorer shopping streets in the South and the East at least possess some sort of character. They are different. They have a personality.

But in the industrial districts this is not true. You might take the main street of any of the smaller Yorkshire towns, and put it in place of the main street of a Lancashire town, and no one would notice it.

There is the post office and the church and the Co-op. and the cinema, and that is all, except hundreds and hundreds of small shops which start at Salford and go almost intermittently into Yorkshire.

To me, it looks just like one long street. And, branching off that long street, you see hundreds and hundreds of smaller streets, which, so far as I can tell, are all the same.

It might be Darwen. It might be Bury. In fact, it might be any one of well over a score of towns which, to me, look all the same.

Now why, because there was an industrial revolution a century ago, should we put up with it to-day?

The great tragedy is that we are talking of spending £1,500,000,000 on war. Yet, with that money, we could turn England into a lovely place.

Yet no one seems to care twopence about things like that. They go on imagining that a nation's greatness consists in the size of its fleet, or the colour of its uniforms, or the extent of the vastness of its so-called possessions overseas.

When Disraeli called India "the brightest jewel in the British Crown," he was merely talking a lot of unmitigated nonsense.

Had he paid a little more attention to the well-being of the millions of people in this country, instead of inventing the word Empress, which mattered nothing, the Coronation would have been celebrated in circumstances much more glorious.

Now, frankly, when I go into the industrial areas of the land, I meet literally thousands of people in whose friendship I enjoy myself. They are so hospitable. They mean so well. And they stand for so much.

From one of the smallest towns to which, without mentioning its name, I have referred, there sprang humanitarian movements that have changed English history.

The people are really wonderful. But the towns in which they live are too, too horrible for words.

I belong to the smiling South, more lazy-minded, more polite on the surface. It is pleasant in the South. We see wide spaces of countryside, almost idyllic by comparison.

◆ Here and there you come across a garden city, built with the aim of expressing an ideal. And, almost everywhere, there is town-planning that, in the future, will mean very much.

Besides, in London all the slums are to go now in ten years.

But as I see it, the industrial areas will remain just what they are. The houses will be rebuilt merely when they fall down, and then they will be rebuilt in the same pattern.

Besides, if the people who live in them like them, well then they must always remain. They should start to hate it all, as I do.

Just a Human Story

Dreaming to Disaster

FEW people of adult age cannot remember August, 1914.

Alexander Wallis Cruickshank was leaving school about that time. His age was fourteen, which means that he did not have the benefit of a higher education.

But that did not prevent him dreaming dreams in which he was a highly successful business man with a home such as anyone in Hull would envy.

It would have a broad, circular drive. Big trees. A tennis court. A bathing pool. Acres and acres of ground. Internal decorations, whatever the cost, would be to taste.

That dream helped Alexander Wallis Cruickshank considerably. It spurred him on to giant endeavours.

* * *

Alexander went into accountancy.

It was easy, even in those early days, to see he was going a long way up the ladder of success.

He took his part in auditing the books of one of the biggest firms in Hull. Judge his brilliance from the fact that that firm asked him to join its own staff, and soon promoted him by quick stages to a directorship.

They paid h'm, in all, £1,400 a year.

Small wonder that his dream began to materialise.

He realised the apex of his ambition when he paid over cheques totalling nearly £8,000 for the home that had been building in his imagination many years before the first brick was laid, a house with tennis court, big trees, bathing pool, a broad, circular drive, and 6¼ acres of land.

* * *

A fine story of ambition realised spoilt by a sad ending. That ending was in the police court at Hull the other day.

Alexander Wallis Cruickshank was sentenced to six months in the second division for stealing £251 10s from his firm by making a false entry on a cheque counterfoil.

He heard them tell this story of how he had once dreamed of a wonderful home, and how, striving to attain that ambition, he has so over-reached himself that he had resorted to theft.

All his friends had envied his fine house. They had talked about it. They had said how wonderful it was. He preferred to steal rather than hear their laugh when he had to give it up.

* * *

He was ruined morally, professionally, financially. Those were the words that rang in his ears as they led him away.

To a cell a few feet long and a few more feet wide, and a very different place from the grand home of his imaginings.

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CORNS

WASH the feet well with hot water every night, using **Shadforth Formalin Soap (No. 940**—costs 1/-). Dry the feet and corns well with a rough towel and afterwards rub in a little Corn Salve **(No. 801**—costs 7½d.)

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SKIN TROUBLES

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depend firstly on the blood beneath them, and only secondly on cream and powder. The best remedy for muddy or sallow complexions, acne or blackheads, boils, redness of skin and some forms of eczema, pimples and even carbuncles, is dispensed in dainty tablets as **Shadforth Prescription No. 442 (Skin Tonic Tablets).** They cleanse the blood. Try them for a couple of weeks and note, with satisfaction, the great improvement in your complexion. Don't cover up faults—cleanse them from within.

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POPULARLY known as "White Lions," dispensed after the successful formula used in hospitals and clinics by prominent physicians. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement ; clean tongue ; moist mouth and throat ; flatulence vanished ; long, sour face replaced by such broad sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

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Special Book on Indigestion Cures, and on Treating of Digestive Troubles (J.B. 314). Price 2d. post free.

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Nourish your Nerves and each new day will bring renewed Joy in Living.

YOU can pull through. Depression, Brain-Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility and Neurasthenia and that "tired feeling" are conditions and not diseases. Shadphos Tonic Tablets—act like magic. You are brighter in an hour and a new man in two days. A proved remedy. Prices : **1/-** (12), **1/9** (25), **3/3** (50), **6/-** (100), and **17/-** (300 tablets). **Prescription 470.**

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DON'T be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness ; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices : **1/-** (25), **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), **12/-** (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops your falling to pieces feeling. Can be taken alternately with No. 470. (See above.)

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THIS Tonic laxative prescription quickly relieves and soothes Piles, Constipation, Sluggish Liver and Atonic Dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. Why endure the misery of Piles any longer ? **Ask for Shadforth Complete Fourfold Piles Treatment No. 394/DD.** Price **7/6.**

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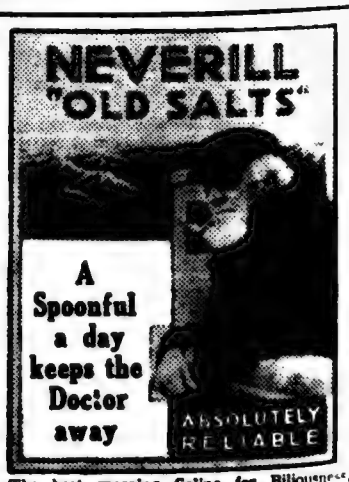

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The prescriptions published on this page are not intended to usurp the function and rightful position of the registered medical practitioner.

Modern Miracles for your GARDEN

ON a bench in the research laboratory of a great London hospital the other day I was shown a geranium in a pot. An ordinary common or garden geranium. But something had happened to it. And that "something," many scientists think, is going to change the gardening world.

Its stem was bent over in a complete arc so that the extreme tips of the plant were touching the bench surface. The outside edge of the stem was coated with some white stuff.

"What's the matter with it?" I asked innocently. "Is it sick?" The research director smiled. "No," he said, "it's not sick; it's very healthy. But we've done something to that plant that is of vital importance to every kind of food-growing. It may even affect the economic order of the world."

As you would have done, perhaps, I asked him what gardening or agriculture had to do with a hospital laboratory. Then he explained. . . .

You have heard often about the hormones of the human body, mysterious chemical substances manufactured by the glands, which control growth and most of the bodily processes; of how too much or too little of these hormones can make people extraordinarily fat or abnormally thin, giants or dwarfs, "brainy" or imbecile, lazy or active.

Well, the scientists have now discovered *plant* hormones, certain chemical substances which can speed up or retard root and stem growth, bud-opening and other plant processes to an enormous extent.

Both bent upon bigger and better achievements! And the scientist's experiments help to make the amateur gardener's dreams come true

The geranium I saw had been "treated" with one of these substances. A few days before, one side of its stem had been coated with lanolin—the common fatty stuff that you find in many skin salves.

And the lanolin had been mixed with a trace—about one part in a thousand—of one of these new hormones, a chemical called heteroauxin. And our geranium was bent over because the "treated" side had grown in those few days at an enormously quicker rate than the other.

The hospital laboratory was interested in this experiment because, after all, it was a hormone which had caused this abnormal speed of growth. And since we do not know yet exactly how hormones work in the human body, similar phenomena in plants might provide additional information or clues.

So far about half a dozen of these plant growth hormones have been discovered. The first was isolated from the tips of oat shoots by Professor Went, of Utrecht University, a few years ago.

A Dane called Kogl and another scientist, Haagen-Sint, have obtained others from animal products.

Each of these hormones has a special action on particular parts of the plant, just as animal hormones have on the human body. Some, for instance, speed up root formation tremendously; others, stem or bud or seed.

You may remember H. G. Wells' famous fantasy, "The Food of the Gods"—the story of a mysterious substance which caused all life, particularly plant life, to grow and flourish enormously.

These new hormones seem almost to fulfil his vision. It is some measure of their practical possibilities that countries like Russia and Germany, which are aiming at self-sufficiency in food-growing, are suppressing all news of the experiments which are going on in these countries with plant hormones.

A hint at the reason for this secrecy was given by the research director of the laboratory I visited.

"One or two of these hormones have, we know, extraordinary effects on the growth of seedlings from cereals like wheat, oats and barley.

"We can visualise two crops growing in the period of one; the farmer more free to choose the times of sowing; crops will be hardier. Growth can be controlled so that famine periods can be ironed out.

"But," he added, "what the poor Wheat Pit speculator who relies on wild cycles of abundance and scarcity for his profits will do—we do not know."

The bulk of the research with these new hormones in Britain is going on in the laboratories of the Royal Horticultural Society at Wisley, Surrey, under the direction of Dr. M. A. H. Tincker.

Many of us may not have the time to grasp the wider economic implications of this new discovery, however dramatic they may be. But if we have a garden we can be interested in some of the work which is going on with familiar plants.

Some of that research was described in a recent issue of the Society's Journal by Dr. Tincker.

In tomato plants, treated as young seedlings with one of the root-forming hormones called indolyl-acetic acid, roots began to burst through the stems in less than a week!

Remarkable results have been obtained with dozens of other plants, shrubs and trees which have been previously difficult to propagate.

Abroad, in France and America, other researchers have shown how these hormones can be sprayed on the plants. The substance is absorbed by the leaves.

Then, when the cutting is taken off, it speedily forms roots.

And it does so in an overwhelming percentage of cases, including those plants from which cuttings are notoriously "difficult."

It seems to be carefree gardening. And rooting is not the only application of these chemicals. Further experiments have shown that plants dipped or sprayed with solutions of another of these miracle substances show a tremendous speed-up and thickening in foliage and flowers.

Yet others can be used to retard these same processes. Perhaps "red roses at Christmas" are not far off.

A peculiar point is that some of these new hormones are very close chemically to the equally strange vitamins which mean everything to the health and growth of the human body.

In this relationship there is a fascinating mystery which the scientists are still labouring to unravel.

Side by side with the work on these plant hormones the laboratory men have developed another form of gardening. They call it "hydroponics." It is growth without soil. Gericke in America, Dupont in France, and one or two scientists in Britain and Scandinavia are its pioneers.

They place seeds and seedlings in great mesh-bottomed troughs. The trough is placed at a precise distance above a tank of water. In the water are dissolved the life-supporting chemicals of the plant, all mixed together in predetermined proportions.

The seedlings grow and the roots push out down to their food. The whole plant grows, blooms and fruits on this mesh precisely as on soil. *But, in the case of many species, at a far swifter rate and with better quality!*

No need here to bother about ground "starvation," manuring, and ground preparation. You simply replenish the solution in the tanks.

In America "hydroponics" has already become a big financial proposition. Market gardeners there are growing huge crops of tomatoes, spinach and other fruits and vegetables, flowers like chrysanthemums and so on, with no other ground or property than an array of troughs and tanks.

In this country a similar process is being developed for quick-growing, juicy winter fodder for cattle. In this case, however, the growers are content with obtaining sprouts from the seed, which are lifted off the mesh in a solid mass and fed to the cattle.

So there are two scientific marvels which mean something to the ordinary man.

Plant hormones and hydroponics between them mean some exciting times ahead for gardeners.

Wonder Man

THE dictator who sways millions, the scientist who saves or slays them, the millionaire who makes them—such are the miracle men of our grown-up world. Perhaps a child's outlook is saner: there is only one miracle man for him or her—Daddy!—whatever the world may think of him.

Thus ran the thoughts of a Yorkshire colliery worker, Mr. H. Swales, 8, Goldsboro' Road, Doncaster, as he pondered over the *Example*, MIRACLE MAN, for our 1,068th *Bullets* Contest.

A £500 cheque and Coronation Visit to London for Two rewarded Mr. Swales for expressing this idea in the neat *Bullet*, MIRACLE MAN—WORLD CALLS "FAILURE," DADDY. *Double* that cash sum is waiting for the First Prize-winner in this week's increased *Bullets* Offer: how can you capture that £1,000 fortune?

Consider what possibilities there are to build a neat *Bullet* on *Examples* from this week's list, such as TO DEFEND BRITANNIA, IN STANLEY'S SHOES, and DAD'S COOKING. Someone is going to make a £1,000 effort with one of those 36 *Examples* on page 43. Why not *you*?

THE HUMAN MACHINE

WHY do so many people get nowhere in particular in life, despite all their efforts? The true answer is simple—painfully simple; but it won't please anyone who reads this if the cap happens to fit. Nevertheless it is the true answer, and it is simply that their efforts have never been real efforts. They've been half-hearted. They've been made with one eye on the job in hand and the other on the clock.

If the cap fits you, ask yourself one question. Have you ever in all your life done a job with all the energy, all the intelligence and all the concentration of which you are capable? Have you ever in all your life done a job so well that you were satisfied that, no matter what the circumstances, you could never improve on it? An honest answer to that will tell you all you want to know.

Interest has nothing to do with it. Many people slack over their work because they say it isn't interesting. If they were really putting their backs into their jobs, if they were really mastering them, if they were doing them well instead of not quite well, they would be surprised.

For they would find that the jobs they had thought dull weren't dull at all. They would find, on the contrary, that they were packed with interest. For interest does not grow out of what we have to do, not even out of what we actually do. It grows out of how we do it.

"If you only have to swab a plank," said Charles Dickens, "you should swab it as if Davy Jones were after you."

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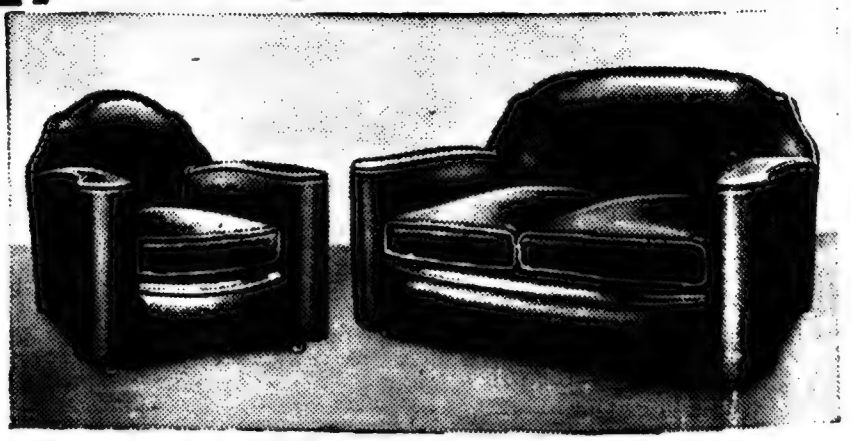

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What Can the Church Do for Me?—4

An Ex-Convict SPEAKS OUT

The Rev. A. E. Taylor-Davies, M.A., who gladly received the ex-convict, and showed true sympathy and understanding for his case

I MET him just after he had walked out of a prison gate on a recent grey morning with bewilderment on his face and fear of the future lurking behind his steel-rimmed glasses.

He had heard all about the Archbishop of Canterbury's recall to religion. That's not the sort of news that is kept from convicts. But he laughed at my suggestion that, by way of test, he should respond to it and go to church with me.

"Why, JOHN BULL exists to protect the public against fellows like me," he said. "I've done three terms of penal servitude since 1919—two stretches of three years and one of five years. *All for running fraudulent businesses.*

"If the Church is able to do anything for me, it should have done it years ago. It had its chance." The last comment uttered bitterly.

"But will you do it?" I asked him.

And, unlike all the people I have invited as yet, he uttered an instant "Yes." He would go with me as long as it was not to a Church of England place.

"You see, I was C. of E. in there," he said dolefully. "I grew to look forward to the church services as a short period of relief from the monotony of the cell, and nothing more.

"Prison chaplains have always seemed to me to be too conscious of their official capacity to be spiritual fathers. They can't make men new, which, I take it, is the ideal they should aim at."

Filled with dread

And so St. Cuthbert's Presbyterian Church, West Norwood, came to be chosen.

Thus I found myself the next Sunday afternoon calling at one of the L.C.C. hostels, where, with the aid of a fortnight's maintenance supplied by the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, my friend is waiting for something to turn up.

He had just had a Sunday dinner of steak and kidney pie, two vegetables—the plate piled to a bigger height than was necessary—a cup of tea and a plate of pudding. Eightpence it cost him. He was full up with the idea that the London County Council was made up of good Christians.

As we approached the church selected his embarrassment grew and grew.

Greeted as we were by four stewards on entering the church I thought what-ever fears were turning over in his brain would be allayed. Instead, he was filled with the dread that I had broadcast news as to his coming.

It happened to be Hospital Sunday at the church, and the sermon of the minister, the Rev. A. E. Taylor-Davies, M.A., based on the one word "Sympathy," was the kind that would have made an impression on the hardest-hearted.

It was a particularly appropriate welcome to a man so much in need of sympathy and understanding as the man who sat by my side.

"I never met with that sympathy when I needed it," he whispered to me. Again that note of bitterness.

Friendly handshake

The service over, we introduced ourselves to the minister in his private vestry, acquainted him fully with the purposes of our call, and waited for developments.

Well, Mr. Taylor-Davies started it all with a handshake, which said more than any mere form of words could have conveyed. That handshake came as soon as he knew of my friend's past.

It spoiled things a little bit, did that act of friendliness. My companion admitted to me afterwards that he had arrived with a list of awkward questions, which he immediately cancelled as soon as he felt the touch of a kindly hand.

He himself made the first resort to words.

"You are being very nice to me," he told the minister. "I wonder if my welcome at your church would have been so cordial if your church officials had known my real character?"

The minister was not puzzled as to an answer. "If it hadn't it would have meant that I as a preacher was a failure and my flock were failures, too."

Then Mr. Taylor-Davies burst a bombshell on him.

"I bought and read JOHN BULL last week," he said. "I mentioned this church series to my church session last Thursday evening. There was unanimous agreement among the members of it. There was no feeling against any of the subjects of the enquiry."

Then Mr. Taylor-Davies wanted my friend to tell something of his own experience of religion.

The story is worth giving fairly fully. It wrested expressions of indignation from the minister, an acid comment on the un-Christianity of certain Christians.

"I was an architect and surveyor," said my friend, "with a thriving practice and sufficient means.

"I stood guarantor for a friend for the sum of £2,000, and within a year found myself liable for the whole amount. I was too jealous of my professional ability to go to the wall without a struggle and—you can treat this as my lame excuse, if you like—I resorted to fraud to find the money.

"You are going to ask why, that being so, I was not content with one lapse: why I didn't pull myself together.

"Well, when I first became entangled in the meshes of crime I was disowned, not only by my family, who are moneyed people, but by the local church with which I had been long associated.

"After serving three years' penal servitude I appealed to my family—good churchpeople, all—to help me start afresh. The answer was that if for a period of two years I could prove my intention of going straight they would consider helping me.

"Even that offer could not be made direct. These good Christians had to make their offer through a firm of solicitors.

"I won't mention the remorse and shame I felt when I left prison for the first time.

"I went to my old church. It was locked. I applied to the vicarage for the keys—or for admission.

"The vicar confessed that, recognising my name, he had telephoned his warden of the same name, who happened to be my uncle and had been told of my criminal activities.

"And so my privacy was doomed. That meant my intentions were frustrated.

"Not one kindly word did I get from that vicar. Not a word of help or encouragement. Not the remotest friendly sign. I was just allowed to see the church, to run my eye over the large memorial window erected to my grandfather, and to which, incidentally, I had subscribed £25.

"I say quite frankly and humbly that if I had been allowed the privacy of my thoughts that day I might have got strength against further downfall. Coupled with a helping hand from a Christian family, I certainly need never have faltered again.

Bad to worse

"As I say, Christianity had its chance with me and didn't take it. I went from bad to worse."

He appeared to be expecting some comment. Getting none, he invited one with: "What can you say to such an example of rank hypocrisy as that?"

"I can say nothing," said the minister, "except to deplore it."

Then: "Don't you think, Mr. Davies," asked my friend, "that the average churchman is paying too much attention to Respectability, and is too much inclined to look on the parson as a reference?"

Answered the minister: "There's a tremendous and profound truth in what you say. We parsons and our congregations must become more alive to a fundamental basis of practical reorganisation.

"Religion—or the Churches, call it what you will—must strive more to become a practical and living force, of which we ministers must preach—and set—the example.

"The real executive work lies with our congregations, who must live more closely upon the lines which they profess to believe."

To which the other answered: "But do they practise it at all? Suppose I came to live in West Norwood and—with full and frank disclosure of my past—applied for membership of your church. Doubtless I should be received—but wouldn't I be ostracised to a certain big extent?"

New faith

"To the measure of which a minister and his congregation fails, you would be ostracised It would be a sad reflection on my capacity as a minister or the practical beliefs of my congregation if you were.

"For remember," went on the minister, "that no consideration of crime or criminals can be thought about without definite reference to the teachings of Jesus on mercy and forgiveness and other such things."

Talk hovered round the subject of whether present-day methods of reclaiming men are the right ones. The man I had taken to church described how authorities are more and more pinning their faith on psycho-analysis.

"I have been able to view these efforts as an educated man," he added. "I can't, personally, imagine such efforts being beneficial where the mind to be worked on is practically atrophied into non-receptiveness."

Mr. Taylor-Davies was now alert with eagerness. "I wanted to come to that very subject," he said. "You see, I've been practising psycho-therapy for many years, and I quite agree that for any result a person must be in a fit state for mental response and receptivity.

"I cannot imagine a person in captivity being in a fit state to respond to treatment."

Kindly offer

The ex-convict replied: "You have hit the nail on the head there. It comes down to this—that the prison authorities—just as they usually serve up good food badly—are serving up psychology badly. And isn't that what is happening to religion up and down the country?

"Isn't Christianity something good that we are serving up badly?"

The minister was forced to admit the truth of that. One could but strive in his own way. And then he took us to the manse, where dinner was served to us by the minister's wife and his two charming daughters.

The church had failed that man I took along. That minister admitted it. It *did* have its chance that day when, after his first term of imprisonment, he had gone along to his old place of worship.

Anyhow, the full hospitality of St. Cuthbert's was at his disposal. And the minister was anxious to apply an intensive course of psycho-analytical treatment to the man who had erred so often, and to give any other help that lay in his power.

To which my friend replied, when we were on our own again:

"What wonderful results a recall to religion might yield if we were recalled to the right parson and the right church. I mean, if there were more like Mr. Davies."

FOR BOYS!

ON Wednesday, May 19, an entirely new paper, MODERN WONDER, will appear.

Containing sixteen large-size pages, it is devoted to the modern miracles which science has brought to every-day life—marvels of airplanes, ships, radio, television, exploration and all other aspects of scientific achievement.

This great new paper for boys will make an instantaneous appeal, and to celebrate its publication MODERN WONDER gives FREE inside every copy of No. 1 a sixteen-page Gift Book—an amazing picture survey of scientific wonders of the modern world.

Place an order with your newsagent to-day!

Next week:

What the blind war victim told the parson.

It's an OLD British Custom..

THE STRANGER WILL FIND STRANGER THINGS HERE, BECAUSE

HOW appropriate it is that the Merry Month of May should mark the arrival in this country of the thousands of Coronation visitors from overseas!

For May, more than any month in the calendar, is associated with picturesque ceremonies and observances that signify centuries of tradition, and give the "Old Country" an enduring aura of romance.

The familiar crowning of May Queens is but a prelude to scores of varied rites and customs. Old customs. Queer customs. Sometimes telling Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-seven very strange stories indeed of the survival of extremely curious beliefs.

Although many of us may live in chromium-and-glass flats, recollections of time past are very near. Recollections of ancient gods—of pagan feasts—of centuries-old victories or defeats.

In Oxford a choir—surplices stiff with starch, faces shiny with yellow soap—greet May morning with hymns and service from the top of Magdalen Tower. No really Christian festival at all; but a last vestige of the ancient sun-worship of our ancestors.

It is a strange thing how that worship lingers still with us in various forms. Even in the very matter-of-fact payment of dues to a landlord. At Knightslow Cross, in Warwickshire, for instance, an annual pilgrimage takes place at May-morning sunrise; and "wroth silver" is flung into a hollowed-out stone. Nominally, for the matter-of-fact Duke of Buccleuch: actually a tribute to the forgotten Sun God.

In Cheshire, at Knutsford's great May Day festival, the story of an ancient horror of olden faith is yearly repeated. For one of the traditional characters in its pageant is Jack-in-the-Green.

HE'S THE "BURRY MAN"
And doubtless glad it's only once a year!

* * *

But Jack-in-the-Green, who capers about so gaily amid the crowd, had very little for which to caper two thousand years and more ago, though he is decked in green leaves, and twigs and branches, till all you can see of him are his eyes.

For he is the symbol in the year of Our Lord, 1937, of that hideous wicker-work image within which the Druids used to imprison human sacrifices to the Sun God, when they burned them alive.

There is the same sinister implication to him in the march of the Order of Druids round the "Slaughter Stone" every Midsummer at Stonehenge.

HANGING OF TOM CROCKER

DANCE OF THE DEER-MEN
. . . Anything but pointless

"UP-HELLY-AA"
. . . Before King Alfred burnt those cakes!

BRAW LADS O' GALASHIELS
celebrating slaughter

These queer customs we observe are not merely often the shadows of ancient faiths, but the echoes of ancient history.

On May Day at Minehead, in Somerset, the fishermen travel about the town with a great hobby horse. Girls are chased through the streets and have to give the "horse" a kiss or a penny when caught.

Ships enter frequently, of course, into the remembered legend of these islands.

Even Viking ships, reminiscent of great occasions a thousand years and more ago.

* * *

There is Up-Helly-Aa at Lerwick, in the Shetlands, for instance, a carnival when they recall the funeral rites of an unremembered chieftain, whose body was sent out to sea in his great dragon-headed pirate-ship, and travelled in that flaming craft with wind and current until it sank and was extinguished in the dark depths of the ocean.

Think how long ago it was.

Before Victoria, who is now but a tradition. Before George the Third, who went mad, and lost us America. Before Charles the First, who had his head cut off. Before Henry the Eighth, who violently removed his wives. Before the Black Prince won his spurs at Cressy. Before King Alfred burned the cakes!

Still we remember that tough old warrior who died, and was clad in his coat of mail, and launched out to sea in the ship he loved. Every year they build them a craft such as his in Lerwick, and trail it through the streets; manned with Vikings; decked with raven-painted shields, and burned in the end by the brands of the torch-bearers who have accompanied it through the streets.

Some such far-off memory is held, too, in the Burning of the Clavie at Burghead, in Morayshire. That, too, goes back to Viking days; even if the Norsemen's galley is reduced to a large barrel filled with tar.

The "clavie" is taken through the streets, and pieces thrown into houses as it goes by are supposed to bring good luck.

Vikings—then pirates!

Why, there's still rejoicing over the hanging of one buccaneer. Every year at Bigbury, in Devon, you may see quite respectable persons dressed up in antique fashion attending a ceremony at the Pilchard Inn, where Mr. Thomas (Pirate) Crocker is supposed to have lived. You may see them go quite wild with excitement when a dummy —representing Mr. Crocker — is hanged.

Bad men like the late Mr. Crocker, or Mr. Guy Fawkes, have still their place in the England of escalators, Mr. Therm, and television.

Take the three murderers of Whitby, for example.

Seven hundred and seventy-seven years ago three men burst into Whitby Abbey and knifed a priest to the death, almost on the altar steps. When they saw him dying in that desecrated church their hearts misgave them. They repented. They implored him to say what penance should save their souls.

That dying priest was a bit of a humorist. One suspects that he died with a twinkle in his eye: that his last breath came with a shadowy chuckle. For he told them that, to preserve themselves from everlasting damnation, they must plant each year a hedge, cut with a penny knife, upon the sands of the Esk.

So they did it. And every year since someone, anxious for their salvation, has done so.

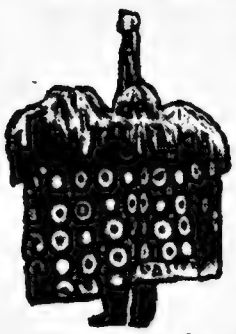
You can listen-in on the wireless to Pittsburgh—can televise from the Alexandra Palace—can eat fresh fruit with the bloom on it although picked ten thousand miles away; but even now they are planting the penny hedge to save the souls of murderers who died much more than seven centuries ago!

Well, when it comes to that, they are performing dances to-day that were patterned out before King Harold died, with an arrow in his eye, at the battle of Hastings.

The "Furry" Dance at Helston, in Cornwall, for instance. And the Dance of the Deer-men at Abott's Bromley, in Staffordshire. The Deer-men were footing it in Saxon days, if not even earlier.

They are not supposed to represent the common or garden deer you see in Richmond Park, or the donkey-like things hunted by Somersetshire "staggers." They are supposed to represent reindeer.

And it's a very long time ago since there were any reindeer in Great Britain.



Minehead hobby-horse

Dancing wasn't always just a thing of jazz. It could be also a stately ritual. The Morris dancers caper their measures on green lawns in quaint costume, to traditional tunes, in Oxfordshire and elsewhere this month.

Their jingling bells echo a thin tune that tells not merely of the days of bad King John and brave Richard Lion-heart, but of pagan nature - worship, of ceremonial cavortings to ensure the safety of the harvest and the fertility of herds and crops.

There must, too, be some queer story behind the "Cocoanut Dance" which is performed every year by a troupe of eight men at Bacup, in Lancashire. Men with blackened faces and black cardigans, with velvet trousers and white turbans.

The years are stripped away from modernity when you remember that South Queensferry, in West Lothian, has its "Burry Man," who makes the round of the place, clad in flannels adorned from head to foot with adhesive burrs.

Or when you think of the tuttimen with their kissing privileges at the Hocktide festival at Hungerford, Wiltshire, and the Whit-Monday festival at South Harting, in West Sussex, when men go to church bearing carved hazel wands in their hands.

What of the mummers, who perform in various Hampshire villages a traditional drama that was old in the days of the Crusades? Who wear strange and complicated costumes as barbaric as the ceremonial attire of a West African witch doctor.

This in the year of grace, when it has been discovered that you can get from Japan to England in a trifle more than four days!

You can make the modern world *so* modern: travel in a minute as far as you once went in an hour: kill ten thousand far more easily than you could formerly slaughter ten: hear a voice speaking across oceans and continents; but — BUT they still hold the *Swaincote* at Lyndhurst, in Hampshire.

"Furry" dancers

Staged with great dignity, indeed, is that ancient Forest Court in an old house where hang the stirrup-irons of that very snobbish king, William Rufus.

Yes. Honestly, it is the year of Grace in which you can call up New York—Algonquin 9999, or whatever number you feel like—from your suburban flat, if you are prepared to stand the (financial) racket.

If you live in Malmesbury, Wiltshire, you may be calling up the Algonquin telephone exchange one day and calling on rights granted you by King Athelstan the next!

For if you think you should have common rights on the King's Heath you will go to a thousand-year-old court: and if your claim is successful you will be given a piece of turf and a twig by the presiding officer, who will say:

"Turf and twig I give to thee,
The same as King Athelstan
Gave to me."

Some of these ancient survivals, of course, are just relics of the pathetic health notions of our ancestors.

Look at the judge's nosegay he still may carry or let lie upon his desk. It has been provided him these many hundred years as a specific against the miasma of disease that used to breed within every jail. It is no more use than a sick headache in actual fact.

The wine porters in London still march with their besoms before the procession of the Vintners' Company, sweeping the road clear of heaps of ordure, now imaginary—once very substantial and present.

To Grasmere Church, in Westmorland, in early August, they bring new rushes—carried in flower-decked linen sheets. A reminder of the days when rushes were strewn on the floor instead of carpets, and became an extremely insanitary covering, unless changed at intervals.

There's a whole history of Britain to be told in the observances that are still maintained.

Bonfires, for example. Not just rejoicing at the exposure of a plot to blow up Parliament.

At the Sussex town of Lewes bonfire night is a symbol of the town's good cheer when it emerged from the persecution under Mary Tudor.

Seventeen poor creatures paid with their lives for their beliefs at the stake in Lewes market-place. There is a bonfire club there that dates back over a hundred years; its purpose only to see that the celebration of deliverance from persecution is observed.

At Bridgwater, Somerset, when they set their piles of wood and twig and tar ablaze, they are celebrating their emergence from the shadow of the "Bloody Assize"—that reign of terror established by Judge Jeffreys after the collapse of the Monmouth rebellion against James II.

Haven't we got long memories and long hates? still remembering and hating poor old Guido Fawkes, Mary Tudor and a port-wine faced Lord Justice!

Even now the Scots have a "Braw Lads' Gathering" to celebrate the slaughter of a party of English at Abbotsford on the River Tweed, exactly six hundred years ago. Six centuries! But hundreds of people every year still have a junketing in memory of that tragedy.

Much the same sort of thing happens at Hawick, in Scotland. There they Ride the Marches in June, in grim commemoration of a day when the lads of the place crept upon a sleeping English force and massacred all but a few.

Pleasanter to think, perhaps, of the "Dolly" custom still observed in parts of Gloucestershire at harvest-tide. When a lucky figure is made from the last handfuls of corn and deposited with ceremony in church.

Or schoolboys performing the traditional "Page Egg" play in the streets of the Yorkshire village of Midgley, garlanded, and armed with dummy swords.

When you tune in to Mr. Somebody's dance band and hear its strains surging up and down in super-modern melody, just remind yourself that at Bampton, Oxfordshire; Ilmington, Warwickshire, and elsewhere, teams of Morris dancers famous for five centuries are probably practising their steps to old, old-folk music scraped out on ancient fiddles.

It does one good at times to remember how near the past is to the present.

Jewel Thief Confesses . . (2)

Recorded by

STANLEY BISHOP

My First BIG HAULS

There are many types of "receivers." Blanche Finchley met them all

AMONG the "accomplishments" which Blanche Finchley learned as a result of her two terms of imprisonment in Portsmouth Jail was that of writing faked testimonials.

She freely admits that from her prison contacts she received an insight into methods which would bring her easy money, and provide her with a luxurious life between working periods.

Her fellow prisoners, older than herself and with more mature experience of wickedness, put ideas into her head. They told her how she, with her education and ability, could easily secure employment in wealthy homes, and lift the family valuables. They gave her lessons. They gave her the names of people in London and elsewhere to whom she could safely go for bogus references.

Throughout her life, Blanche Finchley obtained posts as governess, secretary companion, parlourmaid, chambermaid in hotels, and housekeeper, all with references which were entirely false. Never were any of the references she presented to prospective employers questioned. They were too cleverly drafted.

What is more, she has an entirely fictitious university degree. The parchment which she holds states that she is a Bachelor of Arts of a famous university.

That parchment, she declares, was purchased at a substantial price from a man who used to have an office in a street adjoining Shaftesbury Avenue, London. The degree certificate is a forgery, but it is an exact counterfeit of a *real certificate*.

This jewel thief was a regular customer of this crook. The British passports she has held at various times in adopted names were issued through the help of this man. Also he was her reference as "Lady This" or "Mrs. That" whenever required.

Until he went suddenly out of business because police enquiries were coming too uncomfortably close, this agent was the reference, certificate and diploma provider-in-chief to all the thieves who specialise on "inside jobs," which is robbery when in private house or hotel employment.

Not all the criminal education of Blanche Finchley was carried through as an outcome of Portsmouth Prison. The final polish was given to her following a stay in Holloway, London.

It was, she admits, lack of knowledge which landed her for six months in a Holloway cell.

After her second term at Portsmouth she came back to London, and through a West End registry office easily obtained work as a nursery governess in a substantial Hampstead house. Before long, while her mistress was temporarily away, Blanche stole a diamond brooch.

At this stage she did not know how safely to dispose of stolen property. So she passed the brooch to another woman, a former Portsmouth inmate, then living in London, to pawn.

For some reason the pawnbroker was suspicious of his client. He asked a number of questions about the diamond brooch, and the woman, becoming frightened, left the shop, taking the brooch with her. She forgot, however, the case which had the name of the jeweller who originally sold the brooch.

A telephone call by the pawnbroker to the jeweller made suspicion certainty. The jeweller, receiving a description of the brooch, turned up his records and reported that the particular brooch was sold by him to a customer living at —— Road, Swiss Cottage.

He knew the customer well, and could not imagine why she should be desirous of pawning her jewellery. Something must have happened.

The next move was communication with the police, investigation at Hampstead, and a week later the arrest of Blanche Finchley.

Just before she was arrested an attempt was made to break into the Hampstead house, but without success. The police rather naturally jumped to the conclusion that Blanche Finchley was working with those outside thieves.

They informed the magistrate at Marylebone that they considered she was a member of a gang. She received another six months' imprisonment and was sent to Holloway.

Altogether an unlucky situation for the young woman. Her ally who tried to pawn the stolen brooch disappeared with the brooch in her possession. Blanche Finchley never gained a penny for the theft.

Even to this day she cannot forget being "double-crossed" by the other woman over a "haul" worth at least £300. She feels she has a grievance over the whole affair—losing the profit of her theft, being blamed by the police for attempting to assist burglars, and getting six months.

"I *never* worked with a gang," says Blanche Finchley. "I never did. I had too much pride and self-confidence. During my prison sentences, however, I received many tempting offers to join forces with other skilled, crooked women, as well as men. But I always refused, preferring to act alone."

It is curious how ex-criminals resent a wrongful impeachment of their professional style.

Step by step her prison education was going forward. She learned her ground work at one jail, and received the finishing touches in another.

Older women again took her in hand. They were attracted by this pretty, demure-looking girl, whose manner and education put her in a social class above them.

I have no doubt that deliberate corruption took place. They poured a varied knowledge of all evil into Blanche Finchley's ears.

And she absorbed it; storing up the confidences for future use. She memorised the names and addresses of London receivers of stolen property—divided them into their classes: the safe men, the good payers and the bad, and the others who were prone to be too affectionate with an attractive young woman thief.

With these latter she was always particularly careful in subsequent transactions. She traded them stolen jewels on a cash payment basis.

The most "honest" receiver in her experience was a certain "diamond" merchant in the East End of London. He always gave good prices for the jewellery brought to him. Then the stuff was broken up and resold in the ordinary way of his business.

One other "fence" patronised by Blanche Finchley kept a shop in the Paddington district, while a third was to be found by appointment in a Clerkenwell office.

These three men are still living, and according to Miss Finchley still trading with thieves.

In the course of the interviews we have had I have pressed for the names of the receivers. But persuasion has

(Continued on page 26)

WHY MAKE YOURSELF ILL?

THOMSON, DOES A LAXATIVE KNOCK YOU UP AND MAKE YOU FEEL ROTTEN NEXT DAY?
NO OLD MAN, MY LAXATIVE ALMOST BEATS NATURE AT NATURALNESS LIXEN IT'S CALLED

Ask anyone who takes Lixen and they'll tell you what a joy it is — how entirely natural it is in action and yet how certain and effective — how pleasant and easy to take it is, and yet what entire

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That's because of the way Lixen is made. It's prepared from senna by a special process, exclusive to Allen & Hanburys Ltd., in which all the griping properties of senna are removed and it is made pleasant and easy to take. Lixen is definitely *non-habit forming*.

ELIXIR OR LOZENGES?

Lixen Lozenges are sweety little squares, flavoured with blackcurrant and particularly ideal for children. Lixen Elixir is a pleasant tasting syrup. Try it and learn for yourself why it's called the good natured laxative.

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From all chemists. Elixir in bottles, 1/-, 1/9, 3/-. Lozenges, blackcurrant flavoured, in tins at 7½d. & 1/-.

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Bright, black, juicy berries—as fresh as the English countryside—give Robertson's Bramble Seedless its inimitable flavour. Made only from fresh fruit and white sugar, its flavour is delicious and being free from indigestible pips it's the most appetising preserve you can eat.

Only the fruit and juice, No indigestible pips.

ROBERTSON'S BRAMBLE SEEDLESS

7½D

1 LB. JAR

2 LB. JAR 1/2

Of course I can — I'm not tied to the kitchen

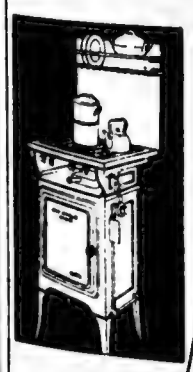
I'm a regular 'REGULO' fan!

You think that because I haven't got a maid, I must spend a lot of time cooking meals. But it's the 'Regulo' on my New World Cooker that does the work! First I set the 'Regulo.' Five! Six! Seven! . . . or whatever number the Cookery Chart tells me. Then into the oven goes the whole dinner. Not a thing to do once it is in the oven—and we never hear the words overdone or underdone now!

Why, I'd feel as lost without my New World Gas Cooker and the 'Regulo' as I would without my telephone.

The 'Regulo' cooking numbers appear in the triangular opening as the knob is turned. The three sides of the triangle are a reminder of the features that have made the New World the most perfect cooking oven obtainable, i.e., single oven burner, direct-bottom-flue-outlet, and the 'Regulo' Automatic heat control. These three together ensure perfect cooking, and are only obtainable in the New World Gas Cooker.

FREE. An invaluable little booklet, "Casserole Cooking" that gives you many helpful suggestions about meals which cook themselves together with 'Regulo' settings and cooking times. Send Postcard or Post Coupon TO-DAY. No kitchen should be without this booklet.



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SEE THEM AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

'REGULO' IS THE REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF RADIATION LTD.

The Quins HAD QUAKER OATS

Summer and winter these world famous little girls never miss their daily helping of nourishing Quaker Oats. They'd have something to say about it if they did—they love this delicious, creamy Quaker! Their feeding experts have insisted on Quaker Oats for the "Quins" since before they were 12 months old—then 5 frail mites. Now look at them . . . . normal, healthy, sturdy little girls—every one!

It's the tonic Vitamin B in Quaker Oats that makes it such a valuable food for the "Quins"—and for *your* children and *you* too. For it is this Vitamin which creates appetite, helps digestion and combats constipation and "nerviness." But Vitamin B cannot be stored in the system . . . You need a fresh supply every day and *it is just as essential in summer as in winter.*

ALL THE YEAR ROUND
you, too, need the Tonic Vitamin in
QUAKER OATS

267

The
CHEAPEST FOOD
on sale in
GREAT BRITAIN
today

Milk

Consider the care that goes to that half-pint of milk of yours. Human ingenuity could not make a food more wholesome. Consider, too, what you *get* in each half-pint of the food of foods. Proteins for muscle and energy. Vitamins for warding off infections. Mineral salts for sturdy bones and teeth. Everything that your brain and body need for utmost well-being, and not one particle that is waste or unwanted . . . All this for 1id! Fortunate indeed are we all, that the finest food that nature makes for us should be the one that costs us least.

. . . AND ALL FOR
1½d

Continuing—Jewel Thief Confesses

Case of the RECKLESS WIDOW

no effect; she will not give them away. In that she is resolute.

"Never again shall I need them," she declares. "They trusted me, and I certainly am not going to turn informer.

"My first experience with a real receiver was after a haul I made at Wimbledon.

"Through an advertisement I secured a post as personal maid to a wealthy woman residing at Wimbledon Common. She was the wife of a stockbroker, and owned a great deal of good jewellery. The stuff was insured for about £5,000.

"I suppose there is something about me which inspires trust. In all my situations I have quickly managed to win the confidence of my employers.

"Before I had been at Wimbledon more than a month, my mistress was giving me her jewellery to place in the safe after she had worn it at a theatre party or dance. I would put the jewels carefully away in their cases, and then hand the key of the safe to my mistress. She wore it on a ribbon round her neck.

"With this mistress it was simply a question of waiting for a chance of getting the stuff. My early blunders made me careful. I wanted an opportunity when I could steal with safety to myself.

"In the end I had a wonderful piece of luck. My mistress and her husband were going to the South of France. She told me she was sorry that she could not take me with her. She gave me notice and wrote me a splendid reference.

"On the day before leaving, the woman drew a considerable sum of money from the bank for her expenses abroad, and that was placed in the safe.

"My duty next morning was to pack everything, including the jewellery. The mistress was in and out of the room supervising matters for the departure.

"I had several free intervals during which I was alone, and I managed to take the greater part of the jewellery, simply packing the empty cases in a dressing-case. I also took £700 in notes, which was placed by my mistress in the case.

"I locked the case, gave the key to my mistress, and carried the case down

"never hold on to stuff" is the old crook's maxim

to the motor-car, handing it over to the chauffeur.

"As I was to leave immediately after my mistress, I had ordered a cab and had packed my own luggage.

"The next quarter of an hour seemed interminable. Inwardly I was fluttering with anxiety, but I kept my nerves under control. Actually my nerve has never let me down in any of my adventures.

"At last my mistress said good-bye. The car drove off. I had managed it. My cab arrived within a few minutes, and I was away. That same afternoon I got rid of the jewels and received £500 for the lot.

"That night I travelled to Leicester; stayed two days and moved on to Newcastle-on-Tyne. Then back to London, where I rented rooms in Marylebone.

"For ten weeks I lived on the proceeds of my robbery. Subsequently I learned by discreet enquiry that my mistress did not miss the jewels until she reached Paris, where she was spending the night.

"Apparently no suspicion attached to me. The theft was supposed to have taken place on the journey when the woman and her husband were in the dining-car.

"The French police told her that it would have been quite easy for a thief to have opened the case and locked it again to disarm attention. The insurance company paid up, so the woman was only a loser of the money."

When the proceeds of this robbery are nearly exhausted we have Blanche Finchley looking around for another "job of work"—the "job" meaning two things.

Her engagement this time is as maid to a rich widow, who owns a country house near Plymouth, and rents a flat near Buckingham Palace.

Apparently the widow has many friends, particularly among senior Naval officers. She leads what Blanche Finchley describes rather charitably as a "gay life," and has a host of admirers.

She has, in addition, a passion for diamond rings. If she received a present for her entertainment it was always a diamond ring.

Other jewellery she did not trouble much about, although she possessed two strings of pearls. These the widow scarcely ever wore.

For six months Blanche Finchley was in the service of the widow, waiting and watching for the moment when she could steal.

"The widow was recklessly careless with her jewellery," she says in telling the story, "but I was careful. I did not intend to be caught. Although I had a run of the flat when we were in Town, and my mistress was out every night, I decided to bide my time.

"In the end I grew tired of waiting. I decided to be venturesome, to rob and to flit.

"My duties did not begin in the morning until nine o'clock, when I had to take tea to my mistress. Because of her late nights she would usually lie long in bed.

"When she retired for the night she would leave her jewellery out on the dressing-table for me to put away. I knew that in ordinary circumstances she might not miss anything for days.

"One night when the widow was at the theatre with an admirer, I took the two strings of pearls and seven diamond rings. And I just bolted.

"For that haul I received £700 in cash and a cheque from a buyer in Clerkenwell. The cheque I did not change. It smelt dangerous to me, and I tore it up.

"After that I went abroad for a holiday. I travelled in a Dutch liner from Southampton to Genoa, and wandered through Italy, returning eventually by the same steamship line.

"While working for the widow I had secured a passport as a precaution, so I was prepared for emergency travel to get away from the hue and cry.

"In all my exploits as a thief I planned my method of escape or arranged a hiding-place in advance. I schemed everything thoroughly.

"Whenever possible I got rid of stolen property immediately. The maxim 'Never hold on to stuff' was well drilled into me in Holloway Prison."

The longest punishment which Blanche Finchley received during her criminal career was three years' penal servitude, given her by the late Mr. Justice Avory at Warwick Assizes.

He spoke a stern warning, reminding her that she had no excuse for her conduct; that with her upbringing, her education and her ability, she had every inducement to lead an honest life.

"I feel," said Mr. Justice Avory, "that I must pass a severe sentence. That sentence is that you be committed to penal servitude for three years."

With that sentence Blanche Finchley became a convict.

In my next article I will deal with the offence for which she received "her penal," and also with some of her adventures on the Continent and in the United States.

Next Week:
A TWO-MINUTE HAUL NETS £1,200

His Rush Hour

IT happened in an Essex home on a recent morning when the kitchen fire was proving unaccountably obstinate.

The householder resorted to blowing it, but that was of no avail. He tried the old trick of creating a draught with a sheet of paper, but the coal remained as lifeless as when it was brought up from the pit.

He was not going to be beaten—so his mind stole to the shelf on which a bottle of paraffin was kept. A few spots on top and it should soon be blazing cheerfully.

He tilted the bottle. He little knew that he had picked up the petrol bottle by mistake.

In a second the flames had leapt up almost to envelop him. He staggered back instantly from the blaze, but not before he had sustained severe and agonising injuries to the arm and neck.

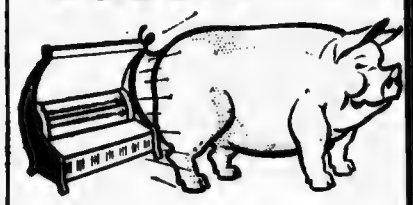
And that was not the worst. It meant a whole month away from work, and that meant that a financial problem had to be solved.

Well, we stood by him in that difficulty. Because he had signed our little security coupon which we publish every week, and which qualified him for the protection of our unique Free Family Insurance Gift we sent him a cheque under the "Injury by Fire" Benefit.

The letter he sent us a month later telling us that he had just returned to his job, having benefited from a rest at the seaside, has gone into our huge gratitude files.

By the way, the coupon awaits your signature on page 2. Registering is the work of a minute, and there's no fee to pay.

COLD PORK



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MILITARY PICKLE
The Great Digestive. Wholesome, and Appetising.
OF ALL GROCERS.

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£20 IN PRIZES

A crusty old colonel of Flete,
Tripped over a Pom in the street,
In his best army style
He said with a smile

1ST PRIZE	£10
2ND PRIZE	£5
3RD PRIZE	£3
4TH PRIZE	£1
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CONDITIONS. The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £10 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition (Dept. 12) WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, May 21, 1937. A list of Winners will be sent to every competitor.

Some Rhymes that will help you:
beat, heat, feet, feat, seat, meat, sheet, bleat, meet, cheat, treat, sleet, greet, fleet, sweet, tweet, suite, concrete, retreat, secrete, athlete, replete, complete, delete, deceit, discreet, defeat.

DIPLOMA

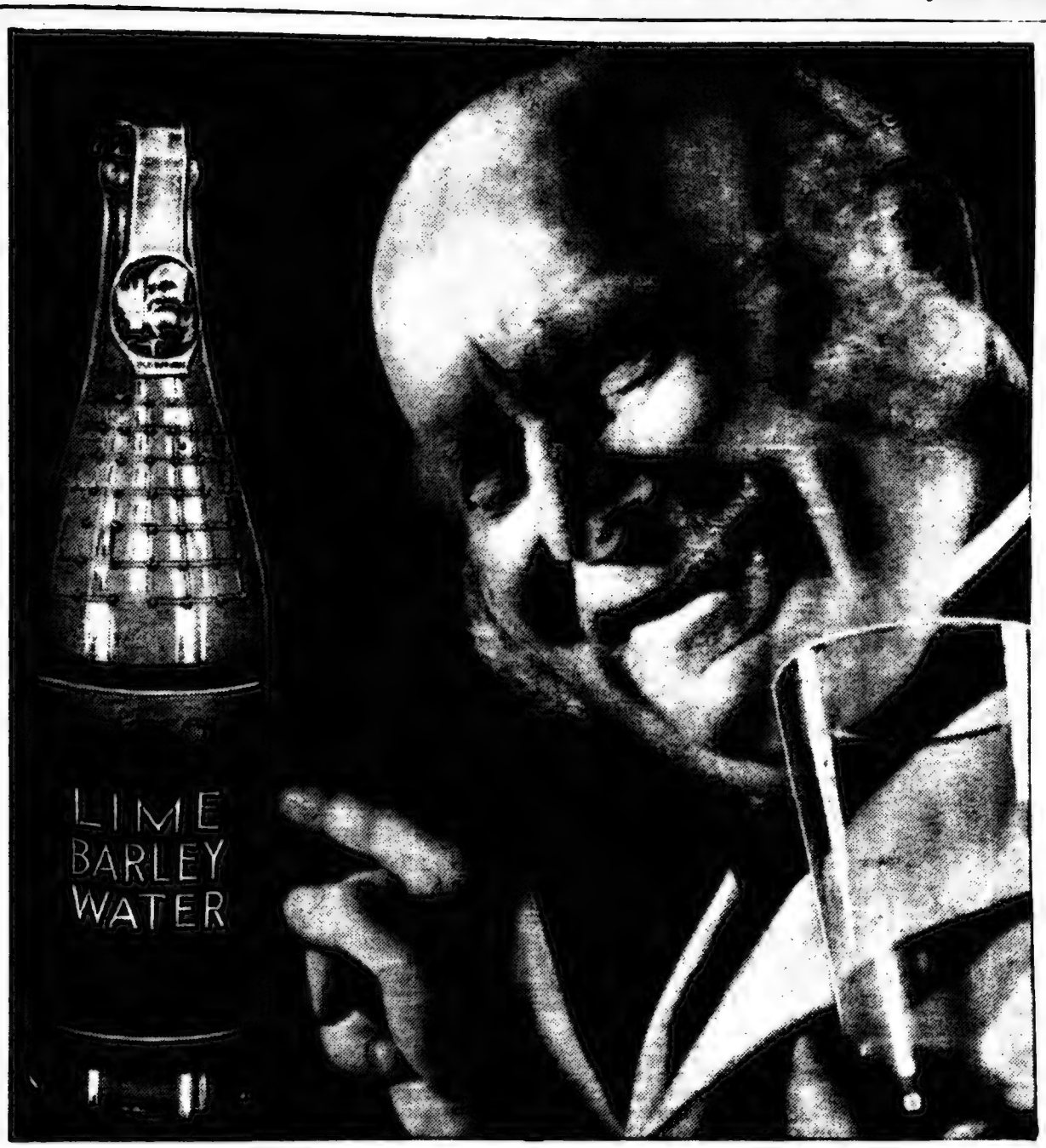
THE ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

6d. Box of 6 1/- Box of 12 portions

Stead razor blades

IN A WEEKLY WALLET 7 FOR 6D.

THEY LAST FOR WEEKS



"HERE'S NEWS"

says OLD HETHERS

"My barley water is now ready-made exactly as before—from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley—but you can get it flavoured either with lime or with lemon. Personally I'm partial to my Lemon Barley Water but I've had so many folk ask me for *Lime* Barley Water that I really had to do something about it—and here it is. The price is the same—1/9d. for a bottle that gives you about 21 glasses. Try it—you may prefer it."

ROBINSON'S *LIME* BARLEY WATER

Keen, Robinson & Co. Ltd., Carrow Works, Norwich.

CVS—833

You need never hesitate to buy Goods advertised in "John Bull." They are all Guaranteed. The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on p. 37.

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED BY RADIO

Professor Hilton, on November 19th, 1936, from the B.B.C. broadcast a warning. The warning was to the effect that while there are many really good and reliable Colleges teaching by correspondence, there are many others which are colleges by name only. He said some so-called colleges rented a couple of rooms in a large building in a well-known street. Some made great promises which they did not intend to fulfil. Some claimed successes they could not prove. In some cases the names of prominent men were quoted who were in no way connected with the working of the College.

NOW BE ADVISED BY ME

The big name of a College is no proof of its national standing. The Bennett College has been established over 30 years and our entire building is devoted to Bennett College work. No other business of any kind is either on or attached to the Bennett College. We have seating accommodation for over 10,000. We have a permanent staff of over 190 people on the College premises. Our Professional Staff have all passed their examinations, and our tutors are all experts in their own specialised work. We do not send out any homework to be corrected by tired, spare time tutors. All students' homework is corrected on the College premises the same day that it arrives, and is returned by evening post. This College is Technical, Scientific, General and Commercial, thus enabling us to cater for all requirements: this is important to Cost and Works Accountants, and all who have to deal with rate-fixing, machining-allowance, and it is also of great importance in many of the Civil Service Examinations. This is an entirely British College. Most of our textbooks are written on the College premises by our professional staff, especially for tutorial purposes. Our tutors specialise in teaching students for the examinations they themselves have already passed.

THERE IS NO OTHER COLLEGE IN THIS KINGDOM THAT CAN CLAIM ALL THE ABOVE ADVANTAGES

It is not necessary for students to attend the College: we can send exactly the same tuition to you by post for a reasonable fee payable monthly. Anyone who reads the Journals knows that there are many things advertised that one can study, and any kind of study is good. It is training for the brain: but the best thing to study, surely, is a course specially prepared to teach your own vocation, or prepare you for the examination which you have in view. Knowing that you are master of your job gives you self-confidence and personality, but a Diploma from a College is absolute proof of your efficiency. We have agencies in all English-speaking corners of the world. The nature of our business makes us keep in touch with employment requirements in all parts of the world, therefore we specialise in preparing students for the good positions which we know exist, and for all worth-while examinations.

We are prepared to produce on demand over 10,000 unsolicited testimonials from successful students, or in default we will hand over £100 to charity.

THE ABOVE VAST ORGANISATION CAN HAVE BEEN CREATED ONLY BY THE SUCCESS OF OUR STUDENTS

If it is your desire to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, write to us for free particulars on any subject which interests you, or if your career is not decided, write and tell us of your likes and dislikes, and we will give you practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it. You will be under no obligation whatever. It is our pleasure to help. We never take students for courses unless we feel satisfied they are suitable.

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

Let me tell you how to make a success of your career.

If your future is undecided or appears unsatisfactory, let us talk it over together. I want to help, and it will cost you nothing to get my help, you will be under no obligation whatever.

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If you do not see your own requirements above, write to us on any subject. Full particulars free.

The Bennett College

Dept. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD

There is hardly anything, however rare, that the Coronation visitor cannot buy

QUEER Coronation CARGOES

WITH the influx of Coronation visitors from every clime, our merchant ships have been bringing queer cargoes into our various ports.

For the business of catering for the varied requirements of these visitors has produced one of the Coronation's "problems."

London can generally be relied upon to furnish from one or other of her out-of-the-way corners most kinds of rare foods. But sometimes they are to be found only in small quantities.

To mobilise supplies for the present invasion is another matter.

So for months the food merchants have been planning. Markets have been searched. The remotest sources have been tapped. Cables have flashed to every corner of the earth likely to yield up any of the special dishes our overseas visitors could be expected to require.

Ships have been coming into London Port laden with rich spices from the East, with delicate fruit from the tropics. They have brought special rice from India, and from the New World hundreds of delicacies which will give a thrill of home to our visitors from across the Atlantic.

Most people who come from abroad look forward to tasting English fare. It is one exciting part of the adventure. But, all the same, there are moments when they pine for one little thing or another they are used to getting at home—some special tit-bit for which they have a weakness. At such moments they are going to bless London for her thoughtfulness in supplying them.

South Africans, for instance, are staunchly loyal to their home-grown tobacco. To them, accustomed to its own particular flavour, there is no other tobacco quite like it. Ordinary Virginian they do not take kindly to. It is not a question of strength or mildness. Just a subtle something in the flavour.

So stocks of their own have been brought over; some in the leaf, to be made into cigarettes here. At least one brand, "Springbok," is already made up into cigarettes.

They like their own brandy, too, and one particular liqueur—"Van der Hum." These have both been imported.

Then there are their own fruits. One of the strangest of these is jelly melon—a weird-looking thing like an enormous egg about six inches long. Thick rind, bright orange in colour and spiked like a hedgehog. They are cut in half and served like grapefruit. Are really beautiful to look at—the pulp all delicately tinted green.

Naartjie is the South African name for a special kind of very small tangerine, of which they are very fond. So these, too, have made their appearance in Covent Garden.

And jams. Cape gooseberry is made from the fruit of the plant which we use in England for decorative purposes. Green fig is another of their favourites, and so are peach, apricot and pineapple.

To serve the overseas visitors, one big Oxford Street store has set up a special international food section.

Here in half an hour you can find enough strange foods to keep you wondering for a week. And all the Dominions visitors will find foods from their own countries.

There are special curries for the people from India, and the things that go with them—pompadums, Bombay duck and mango chutney. There is mango pulp in tins. In tins, too, they can buy bhindi, or "lady's finger," an Indian vegetable about the size of a large French bean but like a cucumber in appearance.

For the Indian visitors Covent Garden has brought over a special shipment of mangoes from Bombay. This is a very special variety and the largest consignment ever brought over from India.

Two experts have accompanied it, nursing the fruit carefully not only on the voyage, but after its arrival here, so that it will be in perfect condition when our visitors come to eat it.

Covent Garden has, in fact, set itself out to bring every possible kind of fruit and vegetable to London in time for the festivities.

One of the strangest is "yampies," a vegetable from Jamaica—very like a large sweet potato.

Only a day or two ago a visitor, walking through Covent Garden, stopped to look at some ordinary sweet potatoes.

"I'm from Jamaica," he said. "We eat them a lot out there."

"Well, I've got something you'd like better," replied the salesman.

"What's that?"

"Yampies."

At that the stranger got very excited, asked to see them, and wanted to know where he could buy them retail. They should, he explained, be baked in their jackets slowly, and then eaten with butter, pepper and salt.

A lady from Brazil, over to see the Coronation, was walking through the market, when she suddenly saw some capsicums. If you have never heard of them, they are like enormous chillies—four or five inches long, juicy and sweet, but not hot.

She, too, got terribly excited and told the men all about the best way of cooking them.

Only if you have been abroad yourself and have been deprived for weeks of the foods you are used to at home can you really appreciate how exciting it must be to suddenly come across an old friend of the dinner-table.

Another of the strange foods is sugar-cane, sold in its raw state—sticks about two feet long—at fourpence each.

People from the tropics love it. They peel the thick skin off the cane, cut off a small piece of the pithy centre, chew it until all the sweet juices are extracted from it, and then spit out the woody residue left in the mouth. Covent Garden have supplies of that, too—from Madeira.

There is a special kind of new potato from Morocco, with a reddish skin. There are onions from Egypt, and egg plant from Jamaica; Avocado pears from the Argentine, and special melons for Americans, all the way from Chili.

Australians are very fond of passion fruit. They have it in cocktails, in fruit salads, and eat it plain with cream. So big supplies are being brought from Madeira. For them, too, pineapples have been brought from the Azores.

Have you ever heard of succotash? Well, Americans know all about it. It is a dish originally made by the Red Indians—beans, sweet corn and bits of pork stewed together. At the international food market already mentioned Americans will be able to buy it in tins.

The Louisiana okra is a favourite vegetable. It is a soft, juicy green pod a few inches long. This, too, they can buy in London during the Coronation.

One American mother with a little boy of three, over here for the Coronation, came into this store in great distress. The unusual food at the hotel had upset the child. So the doctor advised her to go along and see if she could buy some of the foods he had been used to at home.

She had at least a dozen American brands of breakfast cereal to choose from, among them the one the child always had at home. She found, too, sieved vegetables in tins, which she had also given him. So she went back to the hotel happy.

Canadians can get their maple sugar and syrup, their special kind of cream cracker, and their favourite ice-cream powder.

For Americans there are clams, Avocado mustard, tinned pumpkin, all sorts of fruit juices, and a hundred-and-one other things which are everyday articles to them, but strange to us.

But the knottiest food problem of the whole Coronation has had to be unravelled by the military authorities.

From India and Burma have come troops to take part in the ceremony. Among them are native troops who eat only goats' meat, which has to be killed in a special way.

When the authorities learned this they were nonplussed for a bit. We don't have so many goats in Old England. However, they had plenty of time to look around, and now they have secured a supply—partly from Ireland.

Here's the way to cheer your family all tuck in. Pan Yan on the table. It's a grand sight, the way the meals—put some Pan matter what it is. Pan Yan makes it better! It gives plates for more! Cold meat, fish, cheese—it doesn't the digestive organs a fillip, too. You can be sure that meals with Pan Yan will get a royal welcome.

PAN YAN—FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

"Boil clothes clean in 2 minutes? I can't believe it!"

"DON'T BE SILLY, MARY. IT'S QUITE TRUE! RINSO NOT ONLY BOILS WHITES CLEAN IN 2 MINUTES, BUT IT WILL SOAK THE OTHER THINGS CLEAN IN 12 MINUTES—WITH NO HARD RUBBING!....

"I'll show you!"

½-HOUR'S FUEL SAVED—NO HARD RUBBING

Clothes dazzlingly white!

"I'LL SHOW YOU!"

That's what women who have tried out the amazing new scientific Rinso methods are saying to friends who haven't tried them.

These friends are slow to believe! For never before have women known a way to boil clothes clean in 2 minutes or soak clothes clean in 12 minutes. Until the recent discovery of the quick Rinso methods, they had always boiled whites 20 or 30 minutes, and soaked the other clothes for hours, often even overnight, and rubbed until their arms ached!

THE 2-MINUTE BOIL

But now, when they see how swiftly the Rinso 2-minute boil works, they decide not to waste fuel on long boiling again! Instead, they put the white things into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. Bring them to the boil as usual, then boil them for only 2 minutes. The clothes come snowy-white!

They see how perfectly the Rinso 12-minute soak works, too! They put the clothes that don't need boiling, or can't stand very hot water, straight into hand-hot Rinso suds. Let them soak for 12 minutes. After that they're so clean they don't need any hard rubbing at all!

Besides getting a brilliant clothes-line in record time, they save money on fuel. The Rinso 2-minute boil cuts down boiling time by about half-an-hour. They save that much fuel every time they boil clothes! And because Rinso does the whole wash alone and unaided, they don't have to use bar soap, flakes, or any other washing powder with it.

If you haven't tried out the new methods . . . don't waste another minute. Give your whites the Rinso 2-minute boil; your colours the Rinso 12-minute soak. Give your woollens and fine things, of course, a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds. Give yourself the cleanest, brightest clothes-line you've ever had . . . And a chance to feel as fresh as a daisy on washday! Remember, Rinso costs only 3½d., 6d., or 10d. a packet.

IMPORTANT

DON'T be misled about "extra" whiteness in washing clothes. For safe washing, avoid using any product with a strong bleaching or whitening action.

Rinso gets clothes brilliantly white and clean in a safe natural way. No mixing is necessary, and no mistakes occur because there are no destructive chemicals in it. Rinso won't harm fast colours, fabrics or hands.

2 MINUTES' BOILING or 12 MINUTES' SOAKING WITH

RINSO!

is all you need to make clothes brilliantly clean

R 2356-364-65 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

You can tell by SHIRLEY TEMPLE's smile . . .

. . . there's "PUFFED" BRAND WHEAT for breakfast!

DON'T FAIL TO SEE SHIRLEY Dimples A 20th CENTURY FOX PRODUCTION

"PUFFED" RICE BRAND is delicious too *try it!*

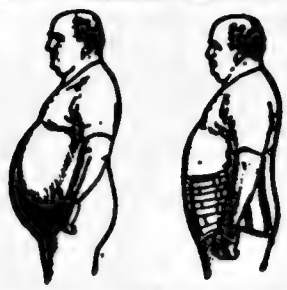
SHIRLEY TEMPLE always starts the day with that same smile—there's "Puffed" brand Wheat every morning! And all day long she *keeps* smiling—this delicious crunchy breakfast food keeps her in high spirits! And no wonder . . . it contains all the wholesome goodness of rich, ripe wheat. Each tempting grain of "Puffed" brand Wheat is a grain of *whole* wheat "exploded" to eight times its normal size to make it more tasty and digestible. The whole family will love it—try some to-morrow.

What's good for SHIRLEY TEMPLE—is good for your children too!

P 125

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Booklet, and for name of nearest local Male Fitter or Corsetiere.

SPENCER

"We create a design especially for you."

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

Branch Offices and Salons:

LONDON: 4 & 5, Old Bond St., W.1. Tel. Regent 6206
GLASGOW: 86, St. Vincent St., C.2. Central 3232
BIRMINGHAM: 67, Newhall St., 3. Central 7125
LIVERPOOL: 19, Church St., 1. Royal 4021
BRISTOL: 22, Clare St., 1. Bristol 24801

Don't - know how you can afford a holiday every year. Bill. *I can't save the money*

It's easy, my boy. I roll my own cigarettes with a Rizla Rolling Outfit, costing only fourpence, and I save nearly ten pounds a year on my smoking bill. I get cigarettes that last twice as long and make 30 to 36 from an ounce of tobacco. Think it over, son, and buy a Rizla Rolling Outfit from your tobacconist to-day: remember the name —**RIZLA**—and the price— **FOURPENCE.**

You bet I will, and I'm going right along now—cheerio!

RIZLA
CIGARETTE ROLLING POUCH OUTFIT

On sale by all tobacconists price complete **4D.**

Lame Man's TRAGEDY

WE used to call him "Hoppy." That was because one of his legs was practically useless. Playing with us kids, he used to try desperately hard to be equal with us in all games.

Even when I was a raw kid I felt sorry for him. Sometimes, after we had been up to mischief and had to flee from a pursuer, he would lie flat on his back in a state of complete exhaustion.

In these moments his face was deathly pale, and you could see his underdeveloped chest rising and falling in a desperate effort to suck in air.

Most of the boys were indifferent to "Hoppy's" disadvantages. They seemed to take it for granted that he was crippled. But most of us never left him in the lurch when he was in difficulties.

Our gang was composed of boys whose parents were very poor. Many of us had scarcely enough to eat.

Our haunts were the back alleys of a certain London slum. We ran about like hungry rats through muddy alleys, searching for food.

I remember our one desire in life in those days was to eat. To do this we raided costermongers' barrows and shops. In this squalid environment "Hoppy" and I grew into manhood.

Despite his bad leg, "Hoppy" was a cheerful soul. No matter how hungry we were, he was always ready to crack a joke.

When he left school he went to work in a baker's shop.

Years passed, and I saw no more of "Hoppy." After years of hard work, I began to make some headway in the world.

Then I fell in love, married and settled down. With the help of my wife I succeeded, at length, in saving enough money to start my own business.

One day a tall, thin man came into my shop. He was smartly dressed in a new suit. As soon as I saw him his face haunted me. Where I had seen him before I couldn't think.

But while I was shaving him, it came to me—he was the living image of "Hoppy."

Yet, since he could walk without a limp, he couldn't be the same man.

During a conversation I asked him if he knew the district where we used to live. "You remind me of a fellow I played with as a kid," I said. Then, to my surprise, he told me that he was "Hoppy."

"What's happened to your gammy leg?" I asked him.

◉◉ "It's a long story," he replied. "While I'm telling you, you might give me a haircut."

As he told his story I was conscious that his old sense of humour had not deserted him.

"I hadn't left school long before I discovered that my market value was pretty low," he began. "It seemed so unfair. But what was the use of wasting time grousing about something that couldn't be altered? What was more important was living. I had to live. To do this I was compelled to go on the streets.

"By a stroke of luck I was allowed to stand outside a West End shop. Here I sold matches. At first I made scarcely enough to pay my fares; but after a while I got to know people on sight. Then some of them bought my matches, giving me three or four times their value.

"Standing in the street in all weathers gives you a new angle on life.

"You learn to be tolerant, to see the other fellow's point of view, and to appreciate that your own lot is not so bad as it might be. It creates a new and valuable courage in you, and you are able to shoulder your load with a brighter outlook.

"Then you begin to learn something about human nature; you can, at a glance, sift the wheat of humanity from the chaff.

"You know instinctively the people whose sympathies are broad, and who have gone through the mill like you yourself have gone through it. You make friends of people whose names you don't know, and in time they become part of your life.

I never failed to touch my hat to him

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 109581, J. Jolles, 320, Kennington Park Road, London, S.E.

"About a year after I began my career as a match-seller I got to know a tall, distinguished-looking man, who became one of my regular customers.

"At first he never stopped to make a purchase. In spite of this, I never failed to touch my hat to him and smile.

"One day he stopped and had a chat. He asked me what was wrong with my leg. I told him all I knew about it—I had, as you probably know, fallen down as a baby.

"When he told me to come and see him at his house in Wimpole Street, I never suspected that he was a famous surgeon.

"I was shown into a big room by a pretty nurse.

"She treated me like I was a toff. This was about the first time in my life that I had been treated like this.

"Well, the doctor examined me. Before I left he smiled at me and said that he was confident that he could do something for me, and that maybe in a few months I might be able to walk as well as anybody.

◉◉ "You can imagine my joy. I could have jumped over the moon. As I left the house tears of sheer happiness ran down my cheeks. A week later I went to a hospital for the operation. I stayed in bed for a month.

"When they took the plaster-of-paris off I had to go downstairs for electrical massage. Then I was taught to walk. I persevered with this. By the end of six months I found I could run.

"Since then I've done all sorts of jobs. To-day I'm working in an aircraft factory, earning a good wage."

When I had expressed my congratulations on his good fortune, I asked him if he was married.

"Not yet," he replied. "But I hope to be soon. Guess who it is?"

"I don't know," I said.

He smiled.

"It's one of my old customers —a girl who worked in the shop where I sold matches."

Before he left me I asked him to invite me to his wedding.

"I shall see you long before that," he said. "How about coming for a ride on the back of my motor-bike some time?"

I took advantage of this offer. In time we went out frequently together.

One Saturday afternoon he came into my shop and begged me to go to a football match. "I've got the bike outside," he said. "It won't take us long."

As Saturday is usually the busiest day in my trade, I had to decline his invitation.

Late that night I got an urgent message to go to a hospital. "Hoppy" had met with a serious accident. When I arrived he was still conscious. I saw him with his head swathed in bandages. When he looked up he smiled at me sadly. There was an expression in his eyes which appeared to reveal that he knew that he was going to die.

◉◉ The few minutes I was allowed to stay with him will always stand vividly in my mind. He spoke to me in a voice that was scarcely above a whisper. There was pathos in it and his eyes looked like those of a kid who realises for the first time that something terrible has happened to him.

"When I could only drag my leg," he said, "life wasn't so bad for me as you kids used to think. It's true that I was sometimes annoyed because I couldn't keep up with you fellows when you ran, but, nevertheless, my lameness had its advantages.

"Amongst many things, it taught me to be careful and not to overrate my abilities in certain things. Since I've been all right, though, I've got careless. That's why I had this crash."

Before I left him I saw in his eyes a regret—a regret probably that he ever left the world of lameness, for, had he still been there, maybe he would never have died the agonising death that he did on that fatal night.

AGRIPPAS REGD.

GO GAY

IN A FULL RANGE OF COLOURS

★ GREY
★ SILVER-GREY ★ BLUE-GREY
★ FAWN ★ BROWN
★ CREAMS

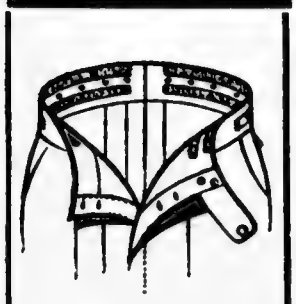
News! Agrippas—the self-supporting trousers with the ventilated tops—now available in 1937's fashionable range of colours. AT NO EXTRA COST. With no reduction in quality. Everywhere the price of Worsted Flannel is being increased, yet Agrippas are still available at **21/-**

In Silver-Grey, Blue-Grey, Grey, Brown and Fawn
Also in two shades of Cream at 25/-

JOHN SHANNON & SON LTD.
of London and New York
HEAD OFFICE: WALSALL

Ask your outfitter for Agrippas
or write to Head Office.

★ DEMAND AGRIPPAS
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES ★



You're bound to find something of interest or value in the "John Bull" Shop Window on pp. 2 & 3 and the "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 16.

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.* — *even bugs*

• For over half a century KEATINGS POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. *Kills Green Fly.* —But it must be KEATINGS

Cartons 2d., 6d., 1/. Powder Flasks 1/-

DISTURBED NIGHTS

The fatiguing necessity for frequent rising in the night is, in itself, a serious menace to health. But it is more than that. Disturbed nights are a symptom recognised by medical men as Prostate Trouble.

HALMAGON is the treatment of Prostate Trouble prescribed by over 1,000 doctors. **HALMAGON does not merely bring temporary relief. It restores the ageing cells of the body.** Pressure on the bladder is progressively reduced, and normal, easy functioning restored. The benefits of HALMAGON Brand Tablets are felt throughout the whole system, and sound, health-giving sleep is ensured.

AT ALL CHEMISTS. Tube 1/-. Box of 4 tubes 3/6. Economy Box of 15 tubes 10/6.

FREE! 1/- BOOK Write for FREE Copy "LIFE IN FULL MEASURE," 128 pp. 8vo. *If you wish you may enclose 2d. stamp for postage.*
TONICITY LABORATORIES, LTD (Dept. J.B.5), 6-8, Emerald Street, London, W.C.1.

HALMAGON BRAND TABLETS

NATURE says 'CHEW'

THE countryman chewing his straw is often laughed at. But a man isn't a simpleton just because he likes to keep his jaws working. In the country, any one of us will put a stalk of grass between his teeth, suck a pebble or bite on a twig. In doing so we are following a natural instinct that is older than mankind. Wrigley's is simply the modern, scientific provision for this instinct. In Nature's own way, it keeps the teeth strong and white, steadies the nerves, and helps digestion by making the saliva flow. Nowadays, when we are always on the move—when we smoke continually and eat many soft, prepared foods, our teeth need more cleaning, our palates more freshening, our nerves more soothing and our digestions more stimulation than ever before. That is why we are wise in our generation when we—

chew WRIGLEY'S

TWO FAMOUS FLAVOURS

R.R.1g

THE Star WAY TO BEAUTY

"It's marvellous" SAYS GRACIE FIELDS

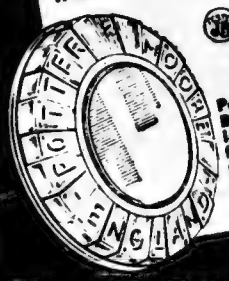
No matter how lovely your complexion may be, a little Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream will make it even lovelier! This is a daring claim but famous film stars have proved it to be true. It gives an utterly new effect—a delicate matt complexion of adorable freshness.

POWDER CREAM MIRROR

All in one 1/-

Sold everywhere in all shades.

Potter & Moore's Blush Cream is the ideal cream rouge for use in combination with Powder-Cream. In glass containers, 6d.



Potter & Moore's
MITCHAM LAVENDER
POWDER CREAM

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN!

Doctors say that the "make-up" of a woman's system is so highly intricate and so sensitive that the shock caused by taking strong purgative medicines may do serious harm. Even though you do not notice it at the time, you may be laying up serious trouble for yourself later. Those internal troubles which often afflict a woman in her middle years and later life are undoubtedly in many cases due to taking harsh medicines.

Women!—treat the delicate mechanism of your body gently by taking 'California Syrup of Figs.' It is a safe fruit laxative. It never purges, never interferes with the natural bodily functions and there are no depressing, "washed-out" after-effects. It relieves the bowels naturally, giving a complete internal cleansing in a few hours.

'California Syrup of Figs' has a tonic effect on the liver and kidneys that makes you "feel good." 'California Syrup of Figs' is ideally suited to a woman's needs. Get a bottle to-day and take a spoonful the first time your bowels need help. You'll feel better altogether! Doctors and nurses everywhere recommend 'California Syrup of Figs,' because it is so gentle in its action. Always avoid strong purgatives and give your bowels *natural* aid.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists—1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

Pupils at the Park Royal restaurant school preparing for their jobs in hotels

Their Job's YOUR *Holiday*

LAST week about 100,000 men and women left the towns in which they have lived during the winter and journeyed to the coast.

This week they will be followed by another 100,000 or so, yet the holiday season hasn't really begun. They're just part of the advance guard.

When they stream from the coach and railway stations, the coast resorts begin to wake up and the residents know that summer has arrived.

For these are the seasonal workers, the people of a hundred and one occupations whose summer work is to provide for your enjoyment.

First, there is a great army of waitresses. Literally thousands of them move from the inland towns and cities to the seaside resorts at the beginning of "the season," and back again at the end.

Some of them work the same town for years running, others find a new place each year and gradually work their way around the coast.

Many waitresses in London, for instance, find employment during the winter in dance halls, kinema-cafés and restaurants which either close down or are very "slack" during the summer.

So, just before Whitsun, they give up their jobs which have seen them through the winter and move down to Brighton, Eastbourne or Bournemouth. Summer-time has begun for them.

In the same way girls leave other towns and make for resorts on the coast, along with shop assistants, photographers, laundry workers and the rest, either skilled or unskilled, who like the holiday scene.

Quite apart from the vast army of seasonal workers who make the move on their own initiative, there is about an equal number recruited and sent on their way by the employment exchanges.

The Ministry of Labour has given a good deal of attention to the problems of providing enough people to fill the holiday jobs, and this year it has been faced with unusual difficulties.

Both the industrial revival and the Coronation have absorbed large numbers of workers formerly available for seasonal employment, and there are many seaside vacancies difficult to fill.

There is a tremendous demand for trained restaurant workers, and the Ministry has opened a temporary restaurant centre at Scarborough for the preparation of suitable girls.

Almost every girl passing through the centre so far has obtained a job within a day or so, and 60 per cent. have turned temporary openings into permanent occupations.

In the same way boys from the distressed areas are trained as quickly as possible to meet the demand. Some of them go straight from the restaurant school at Park Royal into luxury hotels.

Year by year the number of jobs that need to be filled for the summer months grows greater. In 1933, seaside employers notified 64,369 vacancies to the employment exchanges.

The following year the number notified increased to 75,072, and then again to 82,121. In 1936 the vacancies amounted to 88,477, and this year there are still more.

So anxious are some employers to secure the necessary labour for the season that they not only pay fares from distant towns, but offer continuous employment from Easter until the end of September. In other cases the exchanges can advance railway fares, which may be repaid by instalments.

The woman officer at local exchanges assists girls taking holiday work to find friends in social and other clubs, and there are many instances of girls and women officials becoming good friends.

There must, of course, be close co-operation between the seaside exchanges and those inland which must supply the demand. And very odd is the demand sometimes.

A request has just been satisfied for a "tall, fair, handsome young man. No experience."

It appeared that he was required for attention on a "Heartbeat" machine in a fun fair. The idea was that the machine "registered" the state of fair visitors' hearts, according to whether they were romantically inclined or not, and a good-looking young man ought to be good for business!

Some of the employment exchanges have some encouraging business to record. There was, for instance, the case of a man drafted from a South Wales mining town as a cinema attendant for the summer.

He stayed on throughout the winter because he proved to be steady and reliable and spent most of his spare time at the local library and evening institute.

In three years he rose from cleaner and attendant to assistant manager, and now has been moved by the cinema proprietors to another town as resident manager.

In one way or another, then, the holiday army is depleted, and new recruits are always welcome. Waitresses and other women workers have unusual opportunities to meet "eligible" young men, and the marriage rate among them is high.

Sometimes men and women workers who for years have moved backwards and forwards discover that they like a particular town, and settle down there. But the bulk of the holiday army deserts every September as promptly as it arrived in the spring.

Most of these people are individualists who like to decide, on the spur of the moment, where their next job shall be. On the other hand, there are others, far fewer in number, who move as a kind of unit.

There are, for instance, canneries, whose real work commences in the autumn, and frequently their entire staff come and go, almost to a man, year after year. During the summer, practically all together they "work" one of the resorts—and then back to the cannery.

Almost anyone with any kind of training can find a job on the coast during the summer. The principal demand is for resident domestic servants, of course. Then, non-resident domestics, waiters and waitresses, cleaners and shop assistants.

So on, all down the list, from motor drivers and bathing-tent attendants, bakers and confectioners, to gener labourers.

Under "other occupations" in t official statistics are all the little tas like brakeman on a switchback railw and baritone or bass in a concert par

One resort last year lost its conce party through a misunderstanding ab engagements. Whitsun promised to party-less, and there was gloom a despair in the council chamber.

Then someone thought of sendinz SOS to the employment exchanges, a Brixton, in S.W. London, came to t rescue. There live a great many out-o work "pros," and within a few hours complete concert party was on the trai

Actually the experts in Whitehall a not very interested in such little inc dents. They are more concerned wi meeting, scientifically, this season demand on a wholesale scale.

And, on the whole, they do it ve well. Only it's very awkward. wh you have arranged for perhaps a hu dred men to go from one town to anoth next week, to discover that, in the mea time, half of them have found regul jobs and dropped out.

It's very good, of course, that th have found those jobs. But what a we to say to the man whose amuseme park will soon be overrun by thousan of excited holiday-makers? Who is goi to work his machines now? That's t problem.

Incidentally, there one firm that takes 2,000 people each ye just before Whitsun, and gives tha work in a holiday camp.

In this case the same people co back year after year, but the first ye they were engaged, to staff a £50,0 enterprise, not one of them had se beyond a mining town before.

So, when you go away this year, ta a glance at some of the people wh wait upon you. Possibly you will s them again, in your own town, duri the winter, or in some quite differe part of the country this time next yea

Buy Euthymol TOOTH PASTE next time

Its delightful tang makes it such a pleasure to use. Send for a free sample to Euthymol, Dept. 67/98, 50, Beak Street, W.1, then buy a large 1s. 3d. tube from your chemist.

PRICE 1/3 OF ALL CHEMISTS

She's listening to CRISPNESS

Listen to the fairy song of health—the merry chorus sung by Kellogg's Rice Krispies as they merrily "snap, crackle, pop" in a bowl of cold milk!

If you've never heard a food talking—well now's the chance. Serve Rice Krispies, pour on cold milk or cream, and listen! Off they go—snapping and popping away in their crispness.

Kiddies love these frisky little bubbles of pure, toasted rice. Grown-ups like them too! They're so delicious and good to eat. So easily digested and full of nourishment. And with a little fruit they're a real treat.

Get a packet of Kellogg's Rice Krispies from your grocer to-day. No cooking. 7½d per packet.

Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES
So Crisp They Crackle in Cream

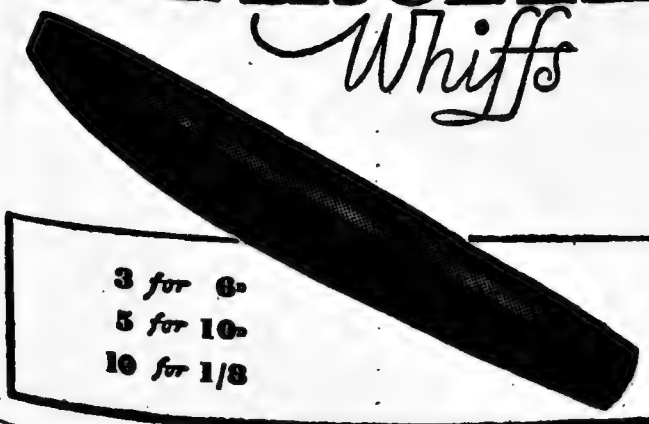
When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 37.

The Little Cigar Habit *is growing!*

Along the open road—the purr of a good engine and the mild, rich fragrance of a Marcella Whiff! Then your enjoyment becomes really complete.

MARCELLA *Whiffs*



3 *for* 6d
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M.W.18

The Kiosk girl was lonely . . .

until she took a friend's advice

CIGARETTES
YOU WON'T FIND IT A BAD JOB – CUSTOMERS OFTEN STOP FOR A CHAT WHILE THEY'RE WAITING FOR A TRAIN
TWENTY GASPERS PLEASE
.. AND NOT EVEN A SMILE FOR POOR ME
IT'S THIS STUFFY AIR. I'M SURE IT'S RUINING MY COMPLEXION. I MUST GET SOME KNIGHT'S CASTILE. NORA SAYS IT'S MARVELLOUS FOR TIRED SKIN
A MONTH LATER
A PACKET OF FIFTY, PLEASE. YOU'RE LOOKING VERY BEAUTIFUL THIS MORNING.
I never thought when you came and bought those cigarettes . . . that we'd ever be married.
Knights Castile

Knights Castile

4d per tablet SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

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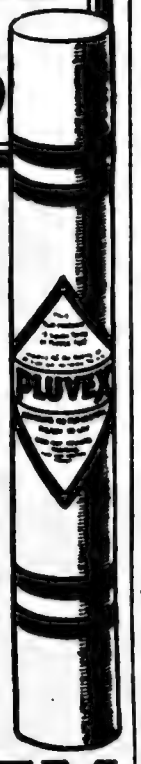
108 sq. feet of PLUVEX ROOF FELT costs only 5/6



A sound weather-tight roof for any small building for 5/6—it's marvellous! No painting — no tarring — no repairs for years to come. Lay PLUVEX *now*—it's a job you can do yourself in a spare hour at the week-end. PLUVEX always looks neat and keeps the contents of any small building warm and dry in all weathers. Every roll sold carries a GUARANTEE of absolute satisfaction.

From Ironmongers and Builders' Merchants everywhere. Standard weight 5/6 per roll of 108 sq. ft. Heavy weight 7/6.

Your personal copy of an interesting FREE booklet is waiting for you. It's called "How to make a sound job of a small roof," and contains a hundred-and-one helpful little hints. Fill up the coupon and post it to-day.

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To THE RUBEROID Co., Ltd.,
139, Lincoln's Inn Fields, High Holborn, London, W.C.1
Please send me samples of Pluvex and also a copy of your FREE Book which tells me how I can roof any small building, at little cost.

Name.....

Address.....

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Post in ½d. unsealed envelope.

CORNS *relief from pain*

The moment you put the supple Elastoplast Corn Ring over your corn, you get the relief you seek. You can walk at ease, thanks to the unique elastic fabric strap that ensures f-l-e-x-i-b-i-l-i-t-y. After three days, an ordinary corn will lift out easily! 6d. per tin of four rings. FROM ALL CHEMISTS.

Elastoplast
CORN RINGS

FREE. Booklet on Elastoplast First Aid Products. Write to Dept. (J.B.4), T. J. Smith & Nephew, Ltd., Hopetown St., Hull.

Kindly Hearts *in* CONFLICT

The self-inflicted guest who intrudes upon the privacy of husband and wife, sponging upon their generosity, is not easily snubbed

Human Documents by Philip Inman

MY dictionary defines a sponger as "one who takes in anything freely as a sponge does water." That cap fits far too many people.

But the time comes when generous-hearted folk rebel. That stage has been reached by one of my readers. This is what she tells me:

We have a comfortable home, my husband a steady job, and, although not too much money, we are perfectly happy together. We live in a top flat and our landlady occupies the rest of the house. Although she has a number of relatives all living quite near, yet when she is ill I do all the nursing, all the work, all the shopping.

That I wouldn't mind, but the last spasm of illness has lasted now for four months, and, although the doctor has assured her that she can get up, by the next time he calls she has a new complaint. I am absolutely sick of it, and, even when she is better again, she will undoubtedly come up to see us at all hours and expect to have meals with us, as she did before. My husband and I seldom have an hour to ourselves.

I wouldn't grudge a thing I did for her if she were really ill, but it is just that she is too lazy to do anything for herself. I can't go on like this, and yet we don't want to make things uncomfortable by saying anything, and we feel it would be foolish to leave this flat, because it is quite convenient for us. I have no children, and I know her people just take it for granted that I am quite free to be of service to her.

HERE is the old story of the "willing horse." Out of the kindness of her heart this woman has turned herself into nurse-cum-general servant-cum-errand-boy. It is high time to call a halt.

It would be different if that landlady were really ill and unable to afford assistance. There might be some excuse if she were lonely and had no living relations. But such is not the case. The easiest solution would be for my correspondent to find another flat.

She is, however, averse from taking that step. I would, therefore, make two suggestions: The first is to have a private chat with that doctor and explain her position to him. If he considers his patient requires care and nursing, he could insist that outside help should be procured.

If, however, there is nothing seriously amiss, then my correspondent is only pandering to her laziness by responding to her every whim. She should point out kindly but firmly that she has her own duties to perform, and that she must devote herself to her own work. Then I can understand how annoying it must be to have that woman coming to see them at all hours.

It means that there is no privacy in the home. Here, again, firmness is necessary. The next time her landlady appears she should say: "I am sorry I can't ask you in, for my husband has come home tired." If she is sensible she will look for companionship elsewhere.

THE relationship between "in-laws" is not always the most cordial. But listen to my next reader's tribute to her mother-in-law:

When I married, twenty years ago, I was an orphan, and my mother-in-law has never failed to be good and kind to me. I have always wanted to return her love in full measure. About a year ago my father-in-law died suddenly, leaving her alone, and we offered to turn our front room into a bed-sitting-room, where she could be happy and comfortable and where she could have visitors at any time.

But somehow this arrangement has not worked out as we expected, and the fault lies with the visitors. They came at all times and stayed for dinner, tea or supper. I did not mind the visits, but neither my purse nor my health would allow of continually providing meals and waiting on these "in-laws." I talked it over with my mother-in-law, and we agreed to speak plainly to the more persistent visitors. The result was a family quarrel which made my mother-in-law ill.

This has naturally made me very unhappy, and I am now blamed for her illness. Do you think that for the sake of peace I should "eat humble pie" and ask these relatives to carry on as before? My husband says "No."

I agree with that husband. Those relations should have known better than expect my correspondent to provide unlimited hospitality. And I see no justification whatever for any "humble pie-eating" on her part.

Those selfish and thoughtless people deserved all they got when they were spoken to so plainly. And yet, though that is right, I feel it will not altogether satisfy my correspondent. She tells me that this family quarrel has made her very unhappy. She would like peace to be restored.

The only contribution she can make to it is to write those relations a letter on these lines: "I do not want to prevent you from coming to my home or from calling to see mother. I must make it clear, however, that my circumstances will not enable me to entertain you." If they respond to that offer—well and good. If not, there is nothing more to be done.

There are some parents who spoil their children by doing far too much for them. My next letter gives the reverse side of the picture. Here it is:

I have read how other people have benefited by your sound advice, and I am sure I shall do likewise. Since I was a schoolgirl it has been my sole aim in life to train as a nurse. Three months ago, to my delight, I became a probationer at a London hospital, but I am sorry to say I am far from happy.

Out of the small salary I receive I am expected to help my parents, who, although they are not well-to-do, are earning enough to live comfortably. This means that for three weeks out of the month I cannot go out with my friends and enjoy myself at all.

Also, it is impossible to save anything in the hope of being able to go home for my annual holiday, as the fare alone would cost £4. I feel it is so unfair because my eldest brother gave up a good job as he didn't like it, and he is now living at home and spending his unemployment benefit on himself and on taking out his girl friend.

I know if I stop helping my father financially he will cease corresponding altogether, and that would make me more unhappy than ever, as I am devoted to my parents.

This girl has always wanted to be a nurse. The happiness of achieving her desire is impaired by the selfish attitude of her parents.

I ADVISE her to explain her circumstances to them. Let them be told that after she has paid for her out-door clothes, necessities, outings, and has put a little away for her fares home there is not much to spare.

She can say, if she chooses, that when she has completed her training, and become a staff nurse or a sister, then she will be in a better position to send money home. But until that time comes she will need all the salary she earns. A letter on these lines should clear the air and enable her to continue her work in peace and happiness.

Send your private problem to "Humanist" at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Something Good

IN this historic year it is typical of JOHN BULL that it should plan for every JOHN BULL family a Presentation worthy of the occasion.

Next week's issue will contain full details and Application Forms for the biggest and most valuable Presentation ever made by any journal to its readers.

What is it? That must be a secret until next week. One thing we can say . . . in this great Presentation there are no fewer than 47 beautiful . . .?

The demand for JOHN BULL will be tremendous: Make sure of your copy by asking your newsagent to supply it to you.

Rapid Relief from RHEUMATISM

In the ordinary way the victim of Rheumatism has become too hardened by long suffering to expect a miracle cure. Nevertheless, one feature of the Fynnon Salt treatment that has astonished Rheumatic sufferers is the surprising rapidity with which it brings relief. Prepared to be patient, they are amazed to find that within a week their rheumatic symptoms have gone—vanished.

The active ingredients in Fynnon Salt—Sodium, Potassium, Lithium, have a "quick-action" effect on Uric Acid. They counteract it and neutralise it at every turn, no matter how long established it may be. First the attack—then the victory. Uric Acid has a very short life when Fynnon Salt, Nature's Salt of the Earth, gets to grips with it. What a relief—when you realise you can swing your arms and legs with the supple freedom of youth. That's the happy state you soon come into when you take a spoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water every morning. Get a 1/3 tin from your chemist and start on your "quick-action" cure to-morrow.

IF SHE'S COMING OVER—I'M GOING OUT!
TOM, YOU CAN'T! YOU PROMISED JEAN YOU'D TEACH HER THAT NEW DANCE STEP—AND THAT'S WHY SHE'S COMING!
YES, BUT THAT WAS BEFORE I KNEW SHE DIDN'T READ THE TOOTH-PASTE ADVERTS.!
10 MINUTES LATER
YOU CAN'T HELP IT IF YOUR BROTHER RUNS AWAY FROM ME, DOT! AND IT ISN'T ONLY TOM, EITHER! LATELY, EVERYONE ACTS AS IF I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!
PERHAPS WE OUGHT TO FIND OUT ABOUT THIS BAD BREATH, JEAN. SUPPOSE YOU ASK DR. MASON.
WHAT CAUSES BAD BREATH, DR. MASON?
WELL, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE-DENTAL-CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
THEN—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
DR. MASON WAS CERTAINLY RIGHT ABOUT COLGATE'S! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO FRESH AND CLEAN BEFORE!
I'M AFRAID MY BROTHER HAS FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU, JEAN!
YOU BET I HAVE! AND IN A BIG WAY!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and all around the tongue.

And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently, yet thoroughly, cleans and brightens the enamel — makes teeth sparkle — gives new brilliance to your smile!

TWO SIZES 6d & 1/.

This useful tablet-container for pocket or handbag will be sent free on receipt of coupon (see below). Each of the six compartments will take two 'Phyllosan' tablets.

Feel younger, keener, more *alive!*

Two tablets three times a day before meals. So simple, but if you take the tablets *regularly*, the results will astonish you! And when you begin to realise how much good they are doing you, you will be more than ever concerned not to miss a dose.

That is why we offer you a novel revolving tablet container in coloured bakelite. This container slips easily into pocket or handbag and will hold twelve tablets. *Tear off the coupon now, before you forget.*

Every inch of your body benefits when you take 'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets. Your blood, your arteries, your heart, your brain, your nerves—every organ, every cell becomes charged with new vital force. Every vital function is *revitalized.* You feel younger, keener, more *alive!*

'Phyllosan' tablets are the brand tablets sold by Natural Chemicals Ltd., and are prepared according to the formula and under the direction of E. BUERGI, M.D., Professor of Medicine at Berne University.

Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN' Reg.

BRAND OF CHLOROPHYLL

TABLETS TO-DAY!

Of all chemists, 3/-, 5/-, and Family size, 20/-

The 5/- size is twice, and the 20/- size nearly ten times the 3/- size

To revitalize your Blood, rejuvenate your Arteries, correct your Blood Pressure, fortify your Heart, strengthen your Nerves, increase your Vital Forces

FREE! Tablet-container & Book

We offer you a novel tablet-container in coloured bakelite, for pocket or handbag, into which you can put twelve tablets so that they can be shaken out two at a time. This container will be sent FREE, together with a copy of our book "Revitalization and Rejuvenation a Modern Possibility," on receipt of coupon and 1½d. stamp for postage. (No tablets will be sent with container).

Proprietary rights are not claimed apart from the registered trade mark 'Phyllosan,' which is the property and denotes the products of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London.

COUPON

To Natural Chemicals Ltd. (Dept. 47), 12 Clipstone Street, W.1

I enclose 1½d. stamp. Please send a pocket tablet-container for 'Phyllosan' tablets together with free book.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Write in BLOCK LETTERS. Use margin. Fix corner of stamp to coupon and seal your envelope. J.B. 15/5/37

Its beauty is more than tin deep...

THE "Minor tin is made for use more than for show. It keeps De Reszke Minors fresh and uncrushed as the day you bought them. Slip it into pocket, handbag or rucksack—whatever you do, wherever you go—the oval tin takes the strain."

And what a worthy mission in life, to keep IN PERFECT CONDITION 30 De Reszke Minors. Each is a ten-minute smoke of the finest De Reszke tobacco, fragrant and well packed.

★

The price is 1/- for 30. Give them a trial straight away. They're at all tobacconists.

Ask for a tin of thirty De Reszke Minors

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

BACKACHE

IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG WITH MY KIDNEYS?

That is the question you should ask yourself when you feel the first sharp pains of backache.

Pain in any part of the body is Nature's warning that something is wrong. If the kidneys become inflamed and clogged, and so are unable to remove the waste products (uric acid) from the system, pain is felt in the small of the back; first a slight discomfort, increasing to intense agony like a knife thrust in the back.

Rheumatism, Painful Joints or Muscles and Urinary Disorders all indicate Faulty Kidney Action.

De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills have been specially compounded to meet and relieve all forms of Kidney Trouble. They put their healing touch right where it is wanted—the kidneys. From the first few doses you will get relief. Persist in the treatment and your kidneys will once again rapidly remove the accumulated poisons and waste matter from your body. Your pain will vanish, and you will feel brighter and more invigorated.

Sold by all chemists, prices 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

De WITTS PILLS

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal, external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy.

INDIGESTION SUFFERERS!

This Powder is bringing new hope and health to thousands daily.

Happy indeed are the people who possess good digestion and a healthy appetite—Nature's two best gifts to mankind. They can face life's hardships with courage.

But the men and women condemned to suffer the pains of flatulence or palpitation, the agony of dyspepsia or gastritis, or perhaps with their life endangered by gastric ulcers, have the very foundations of their energy undermined.

To such people we do earnestly and conscientiously recommend a course of treatment with De Witt's Antacid Powder. This powder has been prepared to allay the dangers arising from sour stomach. It immediately relieves flatulence, burning pains and overcomes stomach disorders.

One of the most difficult things to maintain in the treatment of digestive troubles is the protection of the stomach walls. The inflamed stomach, which causes gastritis and dyspepsia, not only causes you intense pain, but continues to pour out increasing quantities of burning acids, still further irritating the raw surfaces. De Witt's Antacid Powder contains one ingredient which protects the stomach walls from these acids but does not hinder the work of digestion. In fact, De Witt's Antacid Powder actually digests a part of your food for you.

So start the return to health to-day—you will bless the day you first tried—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

1/6 of all Chemists. Double Size 2/6

SOLDIERS *in the* PARK

LIKE giant mushrooms, great marquees and ten thousand tents in serried, gleaming ranks have sprung up overnight in Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, on the slopes of Primrose Hill and in Regent's Park.

These cities of canvas shelter 40,000 troops assembled for the Coronation. It may be fifty years before Londoners will see anything like it again.

Soldiers, sailors, airmen and marines from all parts of Britain. Dominion contingents and Colonial troops from the far corners of the earth.

Silently, almost imperceptibly, this vast army has settled down in its temporary home in the capital; and just as silently it will fold its tents and disperse when its turn of duty is done.

The Coronation Camp is the biggest London has ever seen; but when in the morning residents hear a fanfare of trumpets sounding reveille, few will know that the Australian Light Horse and the Wiltshire Yeomanry are camping side by side again after twenty years.

The last time was when they fought together at Jerusalem with the Royal Irish Fusiliers! Coronation Camp has been responsible for many romantic reunions.

In camp with the Buffs and the Bays, the Green Howards cement an old comradeship with plumed stalwarts, with the "Mounties," the Cape Town Highlanders and artillerymen from distant New Zealand.

A small friend signifies approval of Tommy Atkins

And many new friendships are being made. Regiments with reminders of Talavera and Omdurman, the Fighting Fifth and the 4th Hussars, mingle with the Royal Jersey Militia, and with turbaned lancers from the plains of Hindustan, as with the King's Own Malta Regiment and the smart Malays.

Upon that greensward beside the Serpentine in Hyde Park the mounted band of the Royal Scots Greys from Edinburgh, with the Rhodesian Mounted Rifles, respond to clarion signal with the 17th Field Brigade, while "K" Battery mounts for the Procession, and "J" Battery, mechanised, fires a salute of forty-one guns from among the trees in St. James's Park.

It would be impossible to imagine anything more truly romantic than this assembly of fighting men, the Royal Marines with the (Back-to-Back) Gloucesters and the famous Diehards, the Newfoundland contingent and the sturdy Ghurkas, gathered together in the world's greatest city for the most significant occasion in history.

The fluttering pennons of the 16th/5th Lancers with the 36th Jacob's Horse and the 29th Bengal Lancers, the Burmese Light Infantry; the Sikhs from the serenity of an encampment in Hampton Court, scene of many a doughty joust and tournament in centuries past.

Another manifestation, as picturesque as unique, is that mechanics and drivers of the Royal Tank Corps, and companies of armoured cars, are in camp with the King's African Rifles and the Royal Scots.

The latter, the oldest regular regiment, hold the proud boast that it once went on parade with bows and arrows.

From the Tower of London, Norman fortress, the Honourable Artillery Company, senior in the British Army, fires a salute of sixty-two guns at a word through the ether from the youngest unit, the Royal Corps of Signals, on duty with the King's Company of Grenadier Guards in the Abbey.

And for the first time in history Dominion and Indian troops will mount guard at Buckingham Palace.

The 4,000 troops under canvas on the slopes of Primrose Hill include the Yorkshire Dragoons, fine Territorial regiment, and the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, escorts for royal sultans and noble native princes, while the Army School of Equitation has provided horses for the Rhodesian cavalry troop.

A peep behind the scenes will afford a glimpse of the tremendous organisation necessary to make this mighty gathering possible.

The Royal Army Service Corps, with its train of lorries, has provided transport, and the Royal Army Ordnance Corps the tentage and accommodation. There are butchers from Aldershot, cooks from every garrison in the country.

The Royal Army Medical Corps has established its ambulance stations at vantage-points and has erected its own hospital in Kensington Gardens. The Royal Army Veterinary Corps has first-aid posts ready to ensure that the horses are well cared for.

Well might Peter Pan, from his pedestal near the Serpentine, look out over the gleaming canvas city and wonder at this twentieth century fairy tale. The Singapore Volunteers side by side with the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers and the Gordon Highlanders.

Farther along, near the corner of the children's playground, hard by Kensington Pond, home of little ships and ducks, is the camp in which the men of the Royal Air Force are quartered.

Olympia, home of exhibitions, shelters 1,200 men of the Royal Navy from Chatham and Portsmouth.

Off duty, the "Tommies" from the four quarters of the world repair to the canteens of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institute, the "Expeditionary Force Canteen" of other days.

They drink a glass of beer together "To Old England, to Britain and the Empire," the "Anzacs," the "Diggers," the Notts and Jocks and the Coldstream Guards, the "Midnight Fifth" and the "Shiny Sixth."

A stalwart Maori of the New Zealand contingent, in London from his home 12,000 miles away, has an interesting tale to tell.

His ancestors fought against the Britons, and when a famous regiment was besieged in North Island, in his native land, the officers and men were in danger of death from starvation.

"But they had a duty to the Queen," explains the Maori, "so they could not surrender.

"Nor could my grandfather and his comrades fight with hungry men. So they called a parley, and sat round the camp fire. The result is that other England on the other side of the world to-day."

His story symbolises the spirit you will find among the 40,000 men of various units who make up the vast Coronation Camp. Men of every class and creed brought together by a miracle of organisation.

Their presence adds a new touch of colour to London, glad to have them as her guests in this historic year of 1937.

"The Greatest of These"

Patrick

NINE-YEAR-OLD Patrick's ex-Service father is in a miserable plight. In addition to being handicapped by a badly shattered hand, due to shrapnel, he is suffering from bronchitis. His doctor states that he is unfit for work, adding, "His clothes and boots are worn out, and are probably the cause of his present trouble." He is a good and satisfactory worker when he is fit for work.

Patrick's mother is suffering from neuritis, and this, coupled with the fact that she has six children under fourteen, the youngest being a baby of one and a half years old, makes it impossible for her to go out to work, especially as some of the kiddies are delicate.

All that the family has to live on at present is the disability pension of 12s. a week, and 5s. earned by their oldest boy, aged seventeen. The eldest of the family, a nineteen-year-old girl, is in service getting 4s. a week.

"I offered my services to the British Consul, New York, on October 3, 1915," explains Patrick's dad, "and was sent to England. On reaching Swansea I joined up. I went to France, and was wounded."

He is now living in a poor part of Ireland, where relief is unobtainable.

"He is an honest man of good character," writes his parish priest, "anxious to do what he can for his family, but he finds it difficult to get work."

* * *

Donations earmarked "Patrick," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Nerves Upset Through Shock

"My nerves were so upset because of the shock caused by the death of a relative that I had to take to my bed," states Mrs. L. M. Clough, of 14, Honshley View, Leeds. "I had awful headaches and feelings of depression. I could not keep any food down and became very thin. The least sound made me jump. Sleep was impossible.

"I read about Dr. Williams' pink pills and decided to try them. After taking the first box I felt I wanted to eat. I steadily gained strength and was soon able to get up. Now I am quite fit and sleep well: it is a joy to be able to eat and sleep properly. I have regained my lost weight and all my friends are amazed at the great change in me."

Not only for nervous troubles, but for anæmia, indigestion, poor appetite, rheumatism, or any ailment due to impoverished blood, Dr. Williams' brand pink pills are invaluable. The reason is this: these pills create new, rich blood, which brings with it new health, new vigour and strong nerves. Try them now; 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

What for the 3-30?

You may "know something," or perhaps "dark horses" and favourites leave you cold. Possibly what to fill your pipe with is more important. Well the Tobacco "field" is pretty big, but when it comes to an 8d. Tobacco, the favourite—Player's "Digger"—can be safely chosen. There's no doubt about its popularity—it has a larger sale than any other Empire Tobacco in the country. Next time your pouch is empty invest 8d. in "Digger" and back a real winner.

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

TOBACCOS

8D PER OZ

P.D.46

FLAKE - SHAG - PLUG MIXTURE - HONEYDEW

CALLING ALL CHINS!

Nearly all chins you saw were beardless this morning—and most of the male ones because of Palmolive Shaving Cream. Here are the five reasons why Palmolive makes more chins beardless every day than any other shaving preparation.

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

6d & 1/-

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

BAD LEG HEALED FOR 2/6

Isn't it worth 2/6 to be freed from the agony of Varicose Ulcer and Eczema, to be able to get out of bed and go about your daily work again?

This may sound too good to be true, but read this letter:

28, Gwavas Street, Penzance.

"After being laid up in bed for three months with a Varicose Ulcer combined with Varicose Eczema on my leg and foot, I am writing to let you know of the marvellous cure that D.D.D. Prescription has done. After using the sample bottle I purchased two 1/3 bottles from my chemist, and now my leg is all healed up, and I am able to get about again. I tried all sorts of lotions and ointments which only seemed to irritate and clog the pores of the skin, but D.D.D. Prescription with its healing properties has worked wonders and completely cured me. I can recommend it to anyone who is suffering from a bad leg, or any other kind of skin trouble." Yours faithfully, William Courtney.

The first application of this antiseptic lotion brings relief from burning and pain, and soon the skin is clear and smooth again, and no trace or scar remains. For Bad Leg, Eczema, Dermatitis, Psoriasis and all other skin troubles, use D.D.D. Brand Prescription. 1/3 a bottle from all chemists.

FREE. Send a postcard for free sample bottle to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N. 15, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION FOR SKIN TROUBLES

CYSTITIS

Inflammation of the Bladder

JUST as one can have catarrh of the nose so can one have catarrh of the bladder. But, owing to its catarrhal condition, there is in the case of the latter organ a great desire to pass water, and sometimes an inability to do so and also pain.

This chronic catarrhal condition does not, as a rule, compel you to seek your bed; but there is always the possibility it may do so if you catch a fresh chill or complications arise OR IF YOU ALLOW THE URINE TO REMAIN IN AN UNHEALTHY AND OFFENSIVE CONDITION.

A short course of Cystopurin (sis-toe-pew-rin) Tablets for a fortnight or so will remove the distressing symptoms and may ward off more serious mischief.

"I found great relief in taking Cystopurin and started with two, three times a day and then one three times a day, and the third day it was wonderful to see what a change, less pain and water much clearer, and now I am feeling much more comfortable. . . . I think the tablets are very wonderful and quite pleasant to take."—MRS. A. SUMNER, 62, PROBYN HOUSE, PAGE STREET, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1.

Get Cystopurin Tablets from your chemist to-day. They are put up in bottles, price 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, and are obtainable only from chemists.

Free booklet on application to Cystopurin Dept. J.B.5

GENATOSAN Ltd., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

CYSTOPURIN

END ACHES & PAIN TO-DAY

THIS SAFE SURE WAY

For SAFE, SWIFT, SURE relief from PAIN take PHENSIC at once! Nerve pains of every kind, torturing RHEUMATISM, bursting HEADACHES, simply FADE AWAY leaving you COMFORTABLE and ACTIVE. PHENSIC is prescribed DAILY by Doctors, Specialists and Nurses, for children, the elderly and even heart cases. To get PHENSIC now! Prices: 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK'

Phensic

THE Tonic PAINKILLER Brand

WHY LET A SILLY SUMMER COLD WRECK YOUR HOLIDAY?

THESE PASTILLES SAFEGUARD YOUR PLEASURE AND KEEP YOU CLEAR

You can easily catch cold on the first few days of a holiday. Many a bad illness has started with a holiday chill. Don't let it happen this year. Take no chances—take a tin of POTTER'S with you or get them at the nearest chemists anywhere.

They combine amazing antiseptic properties with a really pleasant flavour .... keeping you clear of COLDS, CATARRH, HAY FEVER, CROUP, BRONCHITIS—giving INSTANT RELIEF.

Have a happy cold-free holiday this year ....keep a tin of POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES handy.

In very handy sized tins at 1/3d.—handy for pocket or handbag. All Chemists, Stores and Herbalists or 1/4½d. post free from makers.

POTTER & CLARKE LTD.
61s, Artillery Lane, London, E.1
(Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure)

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

FREE TO ALL CLIENTS of the BIG TWO
SPORTSMAN'S 1937 1938 DIARY
Brim full of useful information and including S.P. and Tote Ready Reckoners.

LETTER COMMISSIONS
bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at FULL STARTING PRICE or totalisator returns as desired
NO LIMIT WIN OR PLACE
1/- UP TO ANY AMOUNT
ACCEPTED IN ACCORDANCE WITH RULES
WINNINGS by RETURN

PLEASE SEND YOUR NAME OF BUSINESS & AGE OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE
Name
Address
J.B. 15/5/37
THE BIG TWO
DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H MAURICE LTD
227 BATH ST. GLASGOW C2

OUR READERS WRITE ABOUT . .

Coalfields—Coronation—Telegrams—Treasure—Dog Sense—Duty

A WEEK ago a miner was killed by a fall of roof at a local colliery.

Already the owning company has revealed that it will try to defeat the claim for compensation to his widow and family.

Two days before his death the man had placed an order for the quantity of coal which the company supplies free to its workers as part of the terms of employment.

The coal has not been delivered. When the workmates of the dead miner made enquiries, they were told that his death had automatically cancelled the order.—TOM SINCLAIR, Jack Lane, Hunslet, Leeds, 10.

How can the appeal for amity in the coalfields succeed when callous incidents like this are so common?

Coronation Babies

ONE glance at my signature to this letter will be sufficient to reveal the day on which I was born.

My parents, no doubt, had some reason for pride when they labelled me thus. All my life it has been a torment.

I appeal to fathers and mothers to whom babies are born this week not to be carried away by the enthusiasm of the coincidence of the Royal occasion.—MISS CORONATION GEORGINA MARY REYNOLDS, Ringwood Road, Southsea.

At least 600 children were named after the event at the last coronation.

Dog Sense

EVERY morning I see from my window—which overlooks two Belisha crossings—a dog from a house opposite let loose for a few minutes' run.

The animal romps freely from one side of the road to the other. But always it goes to one of the safety lanes to cross.—H. YOUNG, Cornwall Road, London, W.11.

Dog owners generally find it is easy to train their pets to use the Belisha crossings.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Derby Long-Shot

CODE selections continue to show a splendid profit. Fairplay—17 to 2—came up in the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park, and Merry Mathew—100 to 30—and Taj Akbar—3 to 1—landed a 16 to 1 double at Chester.

Several readers have asked for a definite Derby tip. There are over seventy horses left in the race at the moment, and our three-year-olds have proved so mediocre that there may be another Jeddah among the unconsidered.

For a tentative each-way long-shot I like Mid-day Sun as well as any, as obviously the son of Solario—a St. Leger winner—has come on by leaps and bounds since last year.

If we get hard-baked going, which seems impossible, Le Grand Duc may go close, for he strikes one as another Mahmoud type—a bit corky.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

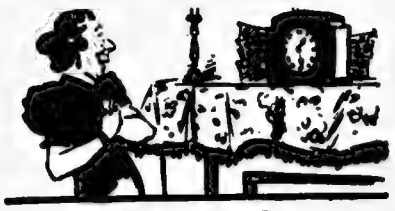
The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 13, to Wednesday, May 19.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

S9398FKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL.



Clock Find

WHAT is the answer to this legal conundrum?

A woman bought an old clock at a saleroom near here for a few shillings.

Later she found banknotes to the value of £25 in a cavity of it. The original owner of the clock has learned of this. He can prove that it was his money and is demanding it back.

Did the woman buy the clock and the money?—N. GARDER, Dixon Avenue, Ebchester, Durham.

As the notes are lost property and the owner is known, it would be a criminal offence to retain them.

Tortoise Wire

A MEMBER of my family sent a telegram to a farmer near Pitlochry, Perthshire, announcing that he would arrive next day to fish a near-by loch.

When he reached the railway station, he was asked to take a telegram to the farm.

There he found it was the one he had despatched the day before intimating his visit!—MRS. BETTY DALZIEL, North Saughton Road, Edinburgh, 12.

When "John Bull" reported this by 'phone to G.P.O., official reply was—"Holy snakes and ladders!"

Cautionary

FEW housewives resist the habit of testing the heat of an iron with a moistened finger.

They must learn to do so now that electric irons are in such common use.

To-day I entered the house to find my wife unconscious on the floor from electrical shock caused by the flicking of a dampened finger on the iron, which, acting like a magnet, had remained in her grip as she fell.—P. B. PRIOR, Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

This danger exists if there is a leak in the connections.

Easier to See

MY visit to London for the Coronation has produced an outstanding impression—the dark, drab clothes worn by the children everywhere in the Capital compared with the bright coloured garments of boys and girls in the provinces.—MRS. M. HALTON, of Falkner Square, Liverpool, 8.

Clothing trade believes the fashion for children's coloured apparel in Midlands and North is inspired by parents' belief that it helps motorists and tends to street safety.

Road Veterans

IT is quite plain that the authorities now intend to have every motor-car over a certain age removed from the roads.

May we not have a special dispensation for the "old crocks" which belong to smallholders, poultry farmers and the like, and on which they have to depend for taking produce to market?

If most of these struggling folk sold their farms, the price would scarcely buy a decent car less than five years old.—H. H. YOUNG, Carlton Colville, Lowestoft.

It is officially admitted that old cars contribute negligibly to the roads casualties.

Very Red Tape

MY wife had her first confinement a maternity hospital two weeks She has been required by the Na Health Insurance authorities to sign advance receipt for the maternity be fit due to her.

But this benefit, they declare, will be paid until after she is discharged hospital.

And the hospital, in accordance the rules of all institutions, informs that the cost of her treatment mus met before she is discharged.

As I am unemployed, I am in dilemma.—J. B. MOUNT, London R Derby.

N.H.I. regulations, framed 25 ago, are not only harsh and rigid, obsolete in light of present-day ditions.

Too Stiff

FROM the Customs Office I was n fied that a small parcel had arr for me from Canada.

I was invited to travel to Edinbur one hundred miles—to see it opened.

Of course, I asked that it should forwarded by post. When it reached I was required to pay 1s. 6d. duty.

It contained a birthday gift of a of stockings.—MRS. D. ROBINSON, Cor Street, Seaham Harbour, Co. Durham

Imposition of tariffs on small pers gifts is senseless because cost of co tion is greater than the revenue.

Pot Luck

EVERY week the police court rep indicate the serious view which magistracy takes of the prevalence of gambling machine craze.

But there is no weirder gambling tem than that represented by the st selling machines of the Post Office.

Always it is a case of taking luck" when coins are inserted. S times the customer gets a numbe stamps for one coin; as often as however, the money is lost or only f ments of stamps are issued.—WA BAKER, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

There is meagre satisfaction in G.P.O. statement that money prov be lost will be refunded.

Write to John Bu About It—

We invite readers to write to us a any subject of public interest, ing us in touch with the world as see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful topical as may be.

Half-a-guinea will be paid for each published. Envelopes, marked "L Bag," should be addressed to " Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C

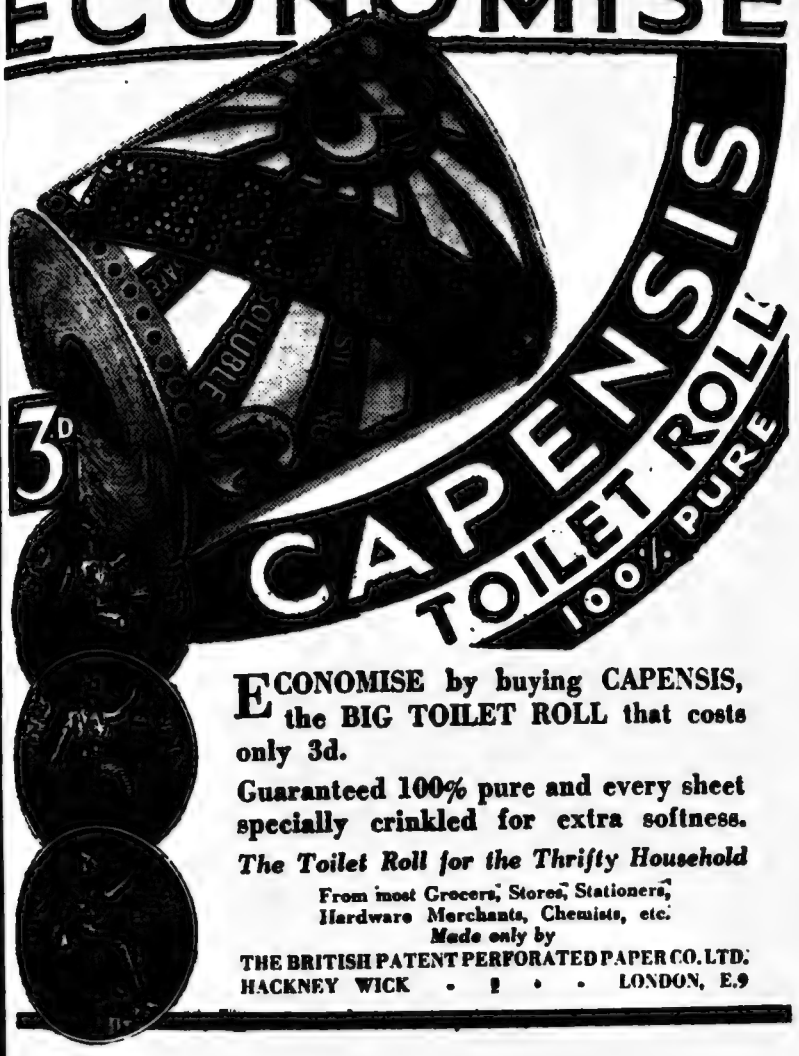
Relief from INDIGESTIO in 5 minutes

This man tested many remedies Indigestion. Some were fairly good. entirely useless. The time they too give relief was counted in hours. The tried Digestif Rennie Pastilles and amazed. Complete relief was obtaine exactly 5 minutes.

"The past two years," he writes, "I suffered greatly from Indigestion. During time I have tried many remedies. Some fairly good, others entirely useless. It has left to your Digestif Rennie to render greatest service. I bought a box a week and being in pain at the time sucked Tablet, and in exactly five minutes my had completely gone. I was amazed. H to when using other remedies I could myself lucky to obtain relief in a few ho A. McM., Edinb

Two Digestif Rennie Pastilles after speedily banish Indigestion. Rennies quer acid. They mop up stomach They actually assist the food to d Furthermore they are pleasant to t you suck them like a sweet. Each wrapped in waxed paper they are easy to carry about. Of all chemists 6d. and 1s. 9d.

ECONOMISE



ECONOMISE by buying CAPENSIS, the BIG TOILET ROLL that costs only 3d.

Guaranteed 100% pure and every sheet specially crinkled for extra softness.

The Toilet Roll for the Thrifty Household

From most Grocers, Stores, Stationers, Hardware Merchants, Chemists, etc.
Made only by
THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER CO. LTD.
HACKNEY WICK • E • • LONDON, E.9

CLEAN YOUR FALSE TEETH THIS WAY

10,000 dentists recommend it.

'Steradent'—a new discovery — cleans false teeth *without brushing*. More than 10,000 Dentists have tested it and approved of it. They say that it's by far the best way to clean and purify false teeth and dental plates.

Just shake a little 'Steradent' powder in a glass of water. Leave your false teeth, plates and bridges in it while you dress or for overnight. DON'T BRUSH. Simply rinse and your teeth and plates are fresh and clean—clean where the brush can't reach.

'Steradent' cleans away the blackest stains, tartar, sticky film and tarnish. Ends bad taste and smell of dirty false teeth. Makes dull teeth and gums look like new. Makes them smooth, cool and comfortable.

'Steradent' is the discovery of Dr. L. W. Sherwin, authority on oral hygiene. "I am recommending 'Steradent' strongly to all my patients," writes a prominent dentist. "I feel at last the Dental Profession has obtained the ideal denture cleaning agent," writes another leading practitioner. Price 1/6. Double size 1/9. Sold by all chemists.

WARNING! *Refuse imitations and inferior substitutes. They may damage your dentures beyond repair. You are safe with 'Steradent.' The Dental Profession has given it the highest endorsement.*

STERADENT
CLEANS & STERILISES FALSE TEETH

With apologies to STAINLESS STEPHEN

"Take it from me lad (comma)...make note of same (exclamation mark)

They must be

Phillips HEELS

WARNING! Look for the name. Every PHILLIPS guaranteed Heel bears the name PHILLIPS. We invite you to send us the name and address of any Shopman failing to fit PHILLIPS Heels, after you had ordered them, and we will arrange for your shoes to be refitted with PHILLIPS guaranteed Heels. Phillips' Patents Ltd., Dept. J.B. Western Ave., Acton, W.3.

NERVES SHATTERED THROUGH CAR SMASH

Chauffeur's Nightmare Experience
Dragged from Blazing Car in nick of Time!

BAD NERVES BAD DIGESTION BAD SLEEP BAD DREAMS

Marvellously Restored to Health by

Dr. Cassells Tablets

(*From Our Own Health Investigator*)
South Harrow, Thursday.

"I felt I just had to write to you because I was marvellously restored to health by Dr. Cassells Tablets."

I was sitting in the home of Mr. P. Lynch who lives here at South Harrow, having gone there in response to a request from him and this is how he opened our interview:

"I was a chauffeur," he went on, **"and I skidded on an icebound road. The car turned a complete somersault and burst into flames. I was dragged clear just in the nick of time!**

For hours afterwards I was quivering. I was physically sick with the shock—flopped out and unable to move.

DEPTHS OF DESPAIR!

"How long did this feeling last, Mr. Lynch?" I queried.

"For months," he replied. **"I was a nerve-shattered man. Merely walking out of the house into the road was sufficient to bring me out in a cold perspiration, my nerves were so bad. I could not bear the company of others—yet when left alone I sank into the depths of depression and despair. I had to give up my job—driving was out of the question. My digestion was bad and I had to force myself to eat. At night I was troubled with bad dreams and only snatches of sleep. I wondered if I should ever be well again."**

"Yet now you look the picture of health!" I remarked.

"Yes, I do," he said, **"and I thank Dr. Cassells Tablets from the bottom of my heart for making me so."**

"And it was entirely due to Dr. Cassells Tablets that you regained your health?" I asked.

"From the first dose I felt relief." he replied. **"With every succeeding dose I felt the return of new nerve strength, energy and vigour. To-day I am better in health than I have ever been before."**

THOUSANDS BENEFIT!

Every day thousands of people are benefiting from the marvellous formula known to fame as Dr. Cassells Tablets. No suffering man or woman should deny themselves the glorious health which Dr. Cassells Tablets can so surely bring! If YOU are a victim of—

HEADACHES HYSTERIA
INDIGESTION NEURITIS
NEURALGIA SCIATICA
INSOMNIA "NERVES"
LUMBAGO DEPRESSION

Get a bottle of Dr. Cassells Tablets NOW
Sold Everywhere, 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel — and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-

Kidney Germs Wreck Health

At times the 9 million tiny tubes or filters in the Kidneys are attacked by germs, causing Uric Acid, Getting up Nights, Nervousness, Headaches, Lost Vigour, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Puffy Eyelids, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Burning, Smarting and Itching. Ordinary medicines can't do much good because they don't kill the germs. But the Doctor's prescription Cystex starts killing the germs in 2 hours, stops pain, reinvigorates the Kidneys and thus restores health. Cystex is guaranteed to set you right in 8 days or money back. Don't take chances with dangerous kidney germs. Ask your chemist for Cystex to-day. The guarantee protects you.

WIN
£5 MONTHLY FOR LIFE with
£500 Cash
and FAMILY SUNSHINE SALOON CAR
ELEGANT MORRIS 8 FOUR-DOOR MODEL
VALUE £142·10s
OR
ONE HUGE LUMP SUM OF
£1,000
IF PREFERRED BY WINNER
GIANT NEW PENSION, FORTUNE & CAR PRIZE for JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD!
£100 Between Runners-up
BONUS AWARD value £2
to each Runner up who has entered in one envelope for this contest 2 sixpenny entry forms (4 squares) all bearing same name and address.
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less mentor out Answer than Runners up we shall forward a Special Surprise Award – to be posted simultaneously with publication of winning Square in John Bull

PRESENTED on this page is the sixty-third of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

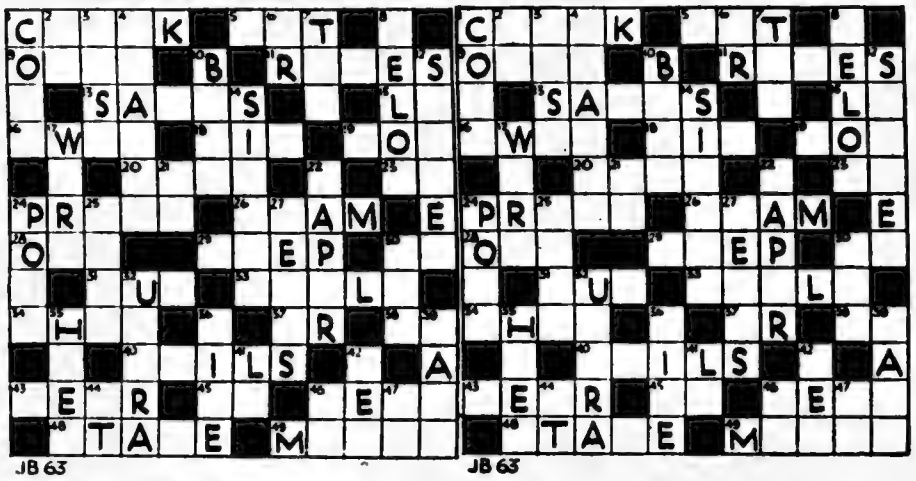
Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, June 3, 1937. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette" obtainable as instructed on page 43. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 63, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 63. Closing SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1937.



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

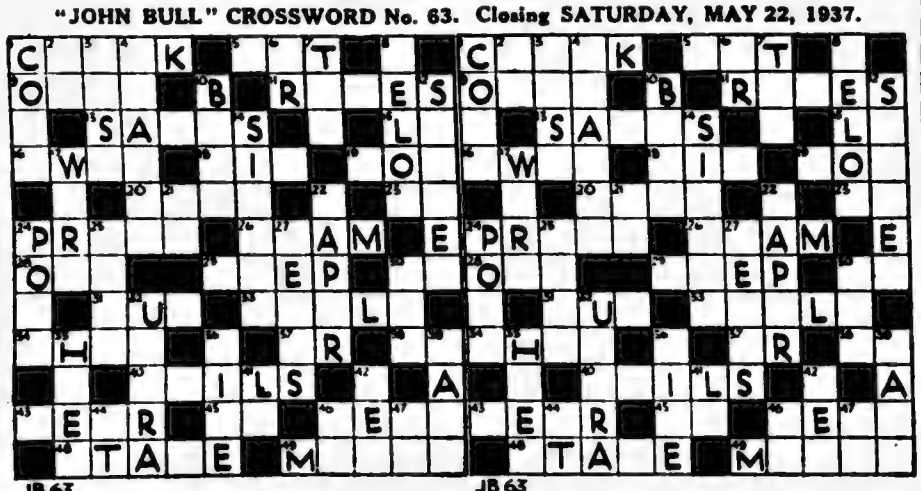
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 63. Closing SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1937.



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

COLOSSAL HOLIDAY OFFER COMING SOON

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, May 22.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 2s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as Entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 3. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, June 8, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards.

Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £1,000 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Do this to bill before paying it
5. Is often kept as a pet
9. Giant in fairy-tale
11. Worker soon does this if he does favours for foreman
13. Some are frequently full of old books
15. Ends halt
16. These are female sheep
18. Will get police-court witness into trouble
19. It's amusing to watch your little girl when she gets this
20. These long thin fish
22. Beginning and end of novel
24. Printing-machine
26. Runs on rails in road
28. Unusual
29. Photographer takes this when snapping and castle
30. Piece of glass in case
31. There are fireworks when big one is blast away
33. Cotton is wound on these
34. Pronoun at end of anthem
37. Short for doctor
38. Begins phenomena in photography
40. What cox probably does, if crew swamps bo
43. Plays part in assuring country's welfar
45. Perform
46. You have one at restaurant
48. This of the theatre makes a difference actor's performance
49. Gold is one

CLUES DOWN.

1. Seeing one helps captain who thinks there may be a storm about
2. Head and tail of hog
3. Irish in verse
4. Stops
6. First two parts of aria
7. A lot of money is made out of this on Stock Exchange
8. Is often seen damaged in case
10. Rings in church tower
12. Modes
14. Your father's daughter
17. Surgical one is frightening to most of us
21. In mess and jesting
22. Accident always holds interest for one
24. Newspaper man is important one sees pic of life
25. Brink
27. Tall grasses growing in marshy places
30. Venomous little serpent
32. Starts umbrage
35. Bright ones are occasionally seen in garden
36. Tanning doesn't harm a good one
39. Dances are often held in public one
41. Common to low and lofty
42. People getting into a bad one are often s
44. How duet ends in Hamlet
46. In centre of camera
47. Short for Automobile Association

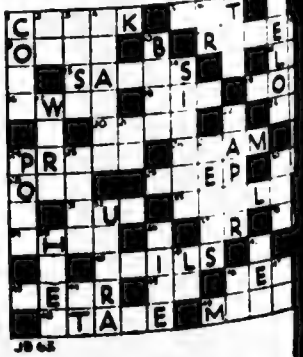
COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions, and are not accepted as entries.

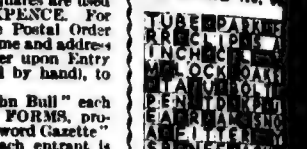
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.



X-WORD No. 6



Winners on page

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those set in the Square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point SCAR and STAR were regarded as words of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette." Secure your free weekly copy by using reservation coupon on page 43.

The Editor Laughs Last

ENGINEER (Lambeth).—"I designed an exceptionally efficient and neat bridge." Spick and span, so to speak.

B. (Malda Vale).—"Round notepaper new fashion." It must be particularly able for circular letters.

CTOR (Leigh).—"Do not eat potatoes oubled with stiff joints." We've never a potato with stiff joints.

ATURE (Canterbury). — "A too-late can make all the difference to the th of a man." Ask any pedestrian.

RPENTER (Bristol).—"On principle I n't employed a vice once in my busi-" You don't hold with it?

SIGNER (Kensington).—"What do think happened when a policeman d out that I had failed to sign the register?" He called you to book.

R. (Skeffington).—"Generally speak-it is true that as a man sows, so shall reap." Unless he happens to plant same sort of seeds as we did.

P. (Worthing).—"Have you noticed small women always seem to get the husbands?" Well, they certainly y men whom they can look up to.

s. F. (Leeds).—"I cannot understand my husband's pipe always seems to stopped up." Does he smoke plug ecco?

D. (Bungay).—"Learning to play the mbone is no easy matter." One has go to great lengths to play it properly, suppose.

UCTIONEER (London).—"My job is a l-paid one, but it is an eternal source worry to me." Your lot is not a happy , then.

N. (Liverpool).—"The argument was ting heated, and as I'm six-foot and ays keen on a scrap, I joined in with sure." You kept the brawl rolling.

F. (Liverpool).—"If you're in debt hopeless to think of getting married d settling down." It's certainly much tter to remain single and settle up.

B. (Bromley).—"I want my daughter drop swimming this summer and give e time to tennis, which I'm willing to for." You'll stand the racket?

E. D. (Leeds).—"When an acquaintance, who is a baker, offered sell me a large diamond for £5 I had doubts." Of its being paste?

C. K. (Keswick).—"I have to spend e on repairs to the house than I have ived in rent. Yet I don't know why." are at a loss to explain.

OYALIST (Sutton).—"I suggest that s players should use red, white and e woods during Coronation Week." And on Jacks?

OTORIST (Poole).—"A woman driver's should be always run in before she permitted to drive it." And so should average woman driver.

OTORIST (Hoxton).—"When I found trying to start my car he expressed prise." And did you let him get away h it?

ISTORIAN (Otley).—"Do you know what a common failure with some of the y kings of this country?" They could keep their heads in an emergency.

ARE T. (Runcorn).—"Two boys who close friends invited me to accom-y each to the pictures on the same ning. They quarrelled over it." So you e between them.

D. F. (Dunmow). "Is there any particular kind of hat that tends to make a man go bald?" Yes, his wife's.

★ If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

"Trying to charm it, Sydney?"
—From "The Passing Show"

T. L. (Southampton).—"You can't keep the wolf from the door by backing horses." Only from the bookmaker's door, anyway.

VERA (Catford).—"My boy, who is a tailor, can't be persuaded to go to the pictures." So he cuts them out.

B. K. (Goole).—"Many men disappear because they realise that they are not wanted." And many because they are.

★ PATER (Bath).—"My little boy placed a large drawing pin on my chair." He took a rise out of you.

FITTER (Bradford).—"The instrument will show an error of one-ten-thousandth part of an inch." That's fine.

N. B. (Bloomsbury).—"Although he is in great demand as a practical geologist, he is always in debt." Always on the rocks?

LION TAMER (London, N.).—"When I was wrecked on a desert island and my pet died, I ate its supply of raw meat." You got the lion's share, eh?

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"I have just resumed work on my canvas after an enforced rest through illness." You have been off colour?

LANDLADY (Weymouth).—"I wrote a very glowing account of my boarding-house to several enquirers, but heard nothing further from them." They refused to be taken in.

B. V. (Greenwich).—"I am a tourist guide and recently I escorted a party of politicians to the top of an extinct volcano on the Continent." Why an extinct volcano?

A. B. (Kensington).—"My wife wanted to book seats in a window to view the Coronation procession, but I insisted on booking places outside." You have taken a firm stand.

C. L. (Welling).—"I wondered what the clerk was doing when he wanted me to sign my name and handed me a pen with a broken nib." You didn't see any point to it.

ED. (Dover).—"There is only one way to silence a Frenchman." Handcuff him?

UNLUCKY. . (Ware).—"Just what would you do if you inherited a fortune?" Nothing.

AMBITIOUS (Lincoln).—"I intend to make a fortune out of ice-cream." A cool million, eh?

H. N. (Dulwich).—"The bowler has come to stay." But the batsman hasn't if the bowler is in luck.

R. B. (Reading).—"My tobacconist filled my lighter with petrol for nothing." Why don't you use it?

ESTATE AGENT (Clapton).—"I am always interested in empty houses." We can never see anything in them.

P. B. (Streatham).—"My wife is continually studying books on foreign tours." Abroad hint.

H. B. (Acton).—"My wife is the best little woman in the world, but I do not mind admitting that she makes her mistakes." And do you eat them?

CONTORTIONIST (Clapham). — "It is pretty hard to make a living in my business these days." You find it hard to make both ends meet.

★ A. E. F. (Guildford).—"Who will deny that estate agents often overestimate the worth of property?" Estate agents.

DOCTOR (Carlisle).—"Any man who drives himself too fast is likely to pay for it." And so is the man who parks the car in the wrong place.

E. N. (Ilfracombe).—"What can I say to my little boy who keeps on asking why somebody cannot be found who can show how to put an end to railway tunnels?" Remind him that they have two already.

L. P. (Swindon).—"Passengers often have a good word for railway carriages and restaurant cars, but where do the engines come in?" Alongside the platforms.

THOS. E. (Southport).—"I like nothing better than a peaceful snooze with the green grass all around me." It's fellows like you who snatch the bread and butter out of poor cricket umpires' mouths.

H. M. B. (Shoreham).—"It takes the average man a lifetime to save up as much as £250." Yet the average First Prize *Bullet* is made up in about five minutes—and this week's First Prize for a *Bullet* (see page 43) has soared to £1,000!

CONTENTED (Kidderminster).—"The man who sees colour and beauty where all is drab will always find prosperity." Even if it only comes through designing seaside posters.

MOTORIST (Derby). — "Don't use matches when there's a leak in your petrol tank. Mend it with an electric torch." Our opinion is that solder would be more satisfactory.

MANAGER (London, E.C.1).—"I once had a cashier who puzzled me by his taciturn and secretive manner, but I must admit that never once did I discover his figures were wrong." You simply couldn't make him out.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side Slips."

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND HERALD:—"Will finder please give to police at Patterdale, when OWNER will be rewarded."

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—". . . that she had been taken home about six times by a FOOTBALL . . ."

THE ENFIELD GAZETTE AND OBSERVER:—". . . would like to meet genuine friend, aged 30, either SEX PREFERRED, for friendship."

RED LETTER:—". . . as when she rested her chin on her ELBOWS . . ."

HULL DAILY MAIL:—"Recalling recent disturbances and numerous VIOLET assaults . . ."

WOMAN'S FRIEND:—"Single girls should beware of flirtatious men of the OPPOSITE SEX."

THE GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN:—"Schoolchildren will plant 21 THREES on the river bank . . . to commemorate the Coronation."

Narrow escape from Stomach Operation

The haunting fear of the surgeon's knife comes often to those who suffer the agony of serious stomach trouble. No wonder so many who have had this grim spectre banished for ever have written to Macleans in gratitude for their release. Here is one short typical letter:

"My fears have gone"

Bradford.

"During the last four years I have had two operations for Ulcers on the Stomach; I have just had a bad attack, and was afraid of being in for another operation, but after trying a bottle of your Powder my fears have gone. I am writing to thank you. I shall always look to Maclean Brand Stomach Powder as a god-send." Mr. F. G. B.

What Maclean Brand Stomach Powder does

It goes right to the source of your pain and discomfort. It is the perfect alkaline treatment which neutralises acidity, removes impurities, relieves pressure and reduces inflammation, and restores normal digestive action. Get a bottle of the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day.

You can tell it by the signature—

Alex. C. Maclean

All chemists sell it at 2/9, 2/- or 5/- in Powder or Tablet form.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

Jolly good stuff this TOP MILL SNUFF IN TWOPENNY TINS FROM TOBACCONISTS

J. & H. WILSON LTD. SHEFFIELD.

A GLORIOUS GARDEN IN 10 DAYS—thanks to SANGRAL

You'll be amazed at the improvement in your flowers, vegetables, and lawns when you feed them with SANGRAL. It adds vital organic nitrogen in a few hours, and results are GLORIOUS in TEN DAYS! Guaranteed SAFE for all plants. A 3/- tin makes 60 gallons of liquid manure. Try SANGRAL this week.

FREE: Send a P.C. for 48-page book, "The Gateway to Garden Success." It's full of valuable information for beginners. Introduction by Richard Sudell, F.I.L.A., A.R.H.S.

Sangral Ltd., 1, Carruthers St., Liverpool, 3.

SANGRAL

The 10-day fertiliser. 6d., 1/6, 3/-.

DOCTOR'S AMAZING DISCOVERY RESTORES YOUTH

TO FADED WRINKLED SKIN

A Vienna Medical Journal announces the latest triumph of Science. Not only has the *cause* of wrinkles been found, *but how they may be removed.* Mothers and even grandmothers can get back the fresh clear complexion of girlhood. Women of 50 and 60 regain the smooth unwrinkled skin of youth.

What Causes Wrinkles

Wrinkles come because as we grow older the skin loses certain vital nourishing elements. These are now obtained from selected young animals. When fed back to the human skin they make it fresh and young again. This is the astounding discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal, of the University of Vienna. The sole rights have been acquired at enormous expense by Tokalon.

Hospital Tests

The Professor's extract of deep skin cells, called 'Biocel', is to be found only in Crème Tokalon (Rose Colour). In hospital tests on women over 60 years old, wrinkles were banished in six weeks. (See full report in Vienna Medical Journal.) Apply Tokalon Rose Skinfood every night. It nourishes the skin while you sleep. Wrinkles quickly disappear. In a few weeks you will look years younger. Use Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy) during the day. Dissolves away blackheads; tightens enlarged pores; makes darkest, roughest skin soft, white and smooth. If not positively delighted with results, money refunded.

An Interesting Booklet—FREE!

"HOW TO MAKE A SOUND JOB OF A SMALL ROOF" is the title of a book which contains a hundred-and-one helpful hints, and a copy will be sent free to readers who simply fill in and post the special coupon in the PLUVEX ROOF FELT announcement on p. 34. Samples of PLUVEX Felting will also be sent with each booklet.

BLOOD TROUBLES, ABSCESSES, BOILS

quickly relieved by Vitadatio.

Wonderful tributes to Vitadatio, the famous herbal remedy, are received daily.

Mrs. Walton, 48, Bentgate St., Newhey, Rochdale, writes:—"For four years I had one Abscess after another. I had four operations, the last being on the spine, which discharged 20 months. I tried Vitadatio and after two bottles my back was easier, so I persevered with it. I have been working two years and keeping fit."

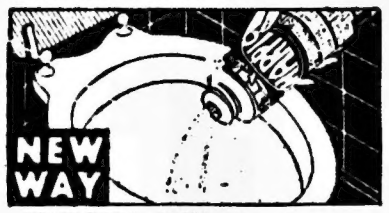
If you are a sufferer do not give up hope—cases pronounced hopeless have yielded to Vitadatio. For Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach complaints, Vitadatio stands alone. Get a bottle to-day. If further proof is required, write for book of testimonials.

Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- and 6/- per bottle, or direct per post (6d. extra in U.K.). From VITADATIO, 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

Is your lavatory only half-clean?

ONLY HALF-CLEAN. No amount of unpleasant brush-work can ever reach round the hidden bend in the pipe. Not disinfected or deodorised.



COMPLETELY CLEAN. Harpic sweeps right round the bend in the pipe — cleans completely. Disinfects thoroughly. Deodorises, too.

HARPIC
Cleans Completely! Disinfects! Deodorises!

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD, HULL AND LONDON

A GRAND TONIC

Restores Youthful VIGOUR

'LIVE' Yeast is *LIFE*....

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast, absolutely free from drugs. It ensures perfect assimilation of food, purifies the system and is a splendid Natural Remedy for INDIGESTION, NERVES, NEURITIS and BOILS.

. . . PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST is a GRAND TONIC and PICK-ME-UP. It safely and surely restores VITALITY and VIGOUR to both men and women, thereby prolonging the JOY OF LIFE.

...50 Tablets 1/3...

Family Size 3/- .. Vest Pocket Size 6d.

Perfectly Safe . . . . Not a Patent Medicine.

From all Chemists. Make no mistake—Always ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST by name and make sure you get the REAL THING...

Phillips TONIC YEAST *is LIFE ITSELF!*

Furnishing?—Send For This FREE CATALOGUE

Drage's offer readers of "John Bull" a 32-page Brochure together with a special book "You and Your Home," and full particulars of their special easy 50 Pay-Way Terms. Hundreds of Suites can be obtained on first payment of from only 4/6. Fill in the Coupon on p. 20 for full details!

SONNY HELPED Him to Win £500!

"MY Daddy can mend it!" chirps the youngster, as he contemplates a broken toy. And into the skilful hands of Daddy, the miracle man, comes a roller-skate, an engine, or a battered aeroplane.

That happens daily in a thousand homes, writes a JOHN BULL man. And one of them is the cosy little house at 8, Goldsboro Road, Doncaster, where most of the breakages are supplied by the two sturdy youngsters of Mr. H. Swales.

Mending toys or fitting words together into neat *Bullets*—Mr. Swales is happy whichever he is doing. Mending toys has its rewards, but so has making *Bullets*. For instance, the First Prize of £500 and Coronation Visit to London for Two which he has just won for his neat and appealing *Bullet*, MIRACLE MAN—WORLD CALLS "FAILURE," DADDY.

"I believe in regular entry," this colliery worker told me as we chatted about his hobby. "It is a nightly habit of mine to spend a few minutes with a scribbling pad and the current list of *Examples*. But I seldom enter more than two coupons a[t] in this Contest only send in one."

* * *

Another family man won his w[ay] to second place in that week's prize-li[st] by entering the neat and topical *Bull*[et] GOOD TO SEE—"THEIR TWO" THERE, TO[O] This was Mr. A. Hargreaves, 84, Westfie[ld] Road, Heaton, Bradford.

"This big success has acted like a ton[ic] to my wife and myself," this forty-thre[e] year-old winner said, "and our little eight[-] year-old daughter will present as well. I am a veteran campaigner in *Bullets*: th[ey] have brought me many pleasant hours."

* * *

Enter the First Prize *Bullet* in th[is] week's outstanding Contest and your ca[sh] reward will be not £500, not £600 n[or] £750, *but as much as £1,000 cash.*

Whitsun leisure gives you extra ti[me] to make *Bullets*, and here is a huge ex[tra] incentive, eclipsing all prizes in Literar[y] Competitions of to-day.

6,670 "BULLETS" PRIZES AWARDED THIS WEEK

First Prize, £500, Competition No. 1069.

J. HAGGART, 26, Courthope Road, Liverpool.

Example: HER NEW HUSBAND
Bullet: MRS. BALDWIN PLEASANTLY ANTICIPATES.

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

J. HAMMOND, 52, High Street, Mow Cop, Stoke-on-Trent.

Example: Man To Choose
Bullet: "Ask" Heart—And Mother!

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

Mrs. D. BARNES, "Oakleigh," Broad Oak, Brede, Sussex.

Example: Shaking In His Shoes
Bullet: Foreman Bridegroom—Arch, Hammers!

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: G. C. PAYNE, 24, Waldeck Road, Ealing, London, W.
Rejected—"Carpenter"—"Hammering" One Another.

£9 10s.: J. E. JONES, Brynterion, Bala.
The Old Guard—"Sentries" *Dreading* "Friends Passing."

£9: R. HEWITT, Sea View, Grand Parade, Eastbourne.
Fruits Of Peace—Overhang Co-operation's "Common Path."

£8 10s.: M. H. BARTON, Glebe House, Sunningwell, Abingdon, Berks.
As Time Passes By—"Biccy, Mummy!"—"Baccy, Dad?"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£8: J. GILDING, 15, Allan Street, Rotherham.
Still Unemployed—Boots Leak—Looks Beat.

£7 10s.: R. A. CURRIE, 31, Queen's Road, Bournemouth.
Fruits Of Peace—Or Another Million "Stones"?

£7: D. LEDDY, Mill Road, Whitehouse, Belfast.
Ignoring All Protests—Climber—All Perils, Searcher.

£6 10s.: C. D. DAVIES, 11, Wyndham Street, Ton Pentre, Rhondda, Glam.
Fruits Of Peace—Of Mind, "Harvested" Nightly.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£6: C. R. SKAIFE, 59, Parton Street, Liverpool.
Shaking In His Shoes—Negro—"Christians" Surrounding Jail.

£5 10s.: L. HAINS, 17, A[shley] Road, T[ot]bury Park, N.
Still Unemployed—And C[ontinue] To[ast]
(Entered on "Target" [Prize coupon.])

£5: W. BASSFORD, 23, [Ha]ll Road, L[iver]pool.
Mr. Stork—Considered "[Ex]ploding" Yourself.

£4 10s.: A. LAWTON, [5]4 [Foster] Street, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.
Human Story—Starts "[Bo]rn In Finance."

£4: S. L. NORMAN, 14, [Pe]rivale Garden[s], Ealing, W.
Eye To Business—Genial P[ro]prietor His Ow[n]

£3 10s.: E. BAKER, [Hi]gh Street, Henfi[eld], Sussex.
She Was Pretty, But [Ugly] Beca[use] That "Mask."

£3: A. W. SLATFORD, [7]7, Mytcham La[ne], Streatham, S.W.
Mr. Stork—Matrimony's "[Risk]er" *dangering* Life.

2 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mrs. A. BRIDGER, 25, Oscar [Str]eet, Depti[ford], London, S.E.
Having Another—Stud. *North* Get Lost!

W. C. BRIERLEY, 15, Middle G[ate], Oldham.
Absorbing—Auntie's Tears. A[rt] Centra Rev[ue]

A list of 60 Coronation Hamper, 100 Coro[nation] Surprise Parcel, 200 Coronation Medal [and] 300 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices [of] "John Bull."

HEADINGS RESULT No. 4

Two competitors succeeded [in] placing in order of merit [the] [head]ings as decided by the Editor, [viz.]:

(1) The Baby-Monger.
(2) Greathearts In Blue.
(3) Women Must Weep

Accordingly, a £5 cheque [is] to Messrs. J. Clifford Ca[rter], [Ba]sage, Chelmsford, and J. M[ar]more Hall, Great Barrow, [Ne]ar Chester.

Prizes for Runners-up [are] patched this week.

CHEQUES AND GOLD WATCHES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 60

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 60, the Adjudication Committee decided that the [nine] meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square (see page 40) were the following competitors:—

T. L. Abbott, 27, West Lea Avenue, Harrogate; Mrs. A. E. Atkins, Red Comb Egg Farm, Hermitage, Newbury; R. Cheale, 72, Hayes Road, Bromley, Kent; E. Harrow, 13, Halifax Street, Sydenham, S.E.26; I. Jones, 27, First Avenue, St. Anne's Park, Bristol, 4; A. G. Knox, Casetta, Jesmond Road, Canvey Island, Essex; R. R. McLean, 5, Temple Gardens, Stockport; J. H. Naylor, 9, Marshbank, 6, Leyton Crescent, Idle, Bradford; J. S. Mills, 20, Exeter Road, N. Heaton Chapel, Stockport; 33, Newtown Road, Bedworth, Nuneaton; S. C. Nelson, The Crescent, Stewarton, Ayrshire; Mrs. E. M. Newman, 5 Ivy Bank, Bartley, Southampton; Mrs. M. K. Pearce, 12, Beverley Grove, Blackpool, S.S.; E. M. Rumble, Myrtle Cott., Kidmore End, Reading; J. Shepherd, 18, David Street, Rochdale.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £1,[000] 10s. will be sent for each winning Square. Their awards are accompanied by free choice to each of a lady's [or] Gold Wrist Watch.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize, must [send] by not later than First Post, Tuesday, May 18, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted [with] number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John B[ull]."

No Scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been [awarded] 147 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate [word] with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive 13s. 8d. for each winning Square. A list of [those] can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each entrant from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of [Prize-]only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

SENSATIONAL LEAP IN "BULLETS" PRIZE MONEY!
1000 CASH
FOR ONLY 2, 3 or 4 WORDS
FIRST PRIZE
£100
£25
£20
£15
£10
£9
£8
£7
£6
£5
£4.10s.
£4
£3.10s.
£3
6 of £2.10s.
6,545 OTHER PRIZES
25 of £1
500 of 2/6
2,000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS"
4,000 "STAR TARGETS"
Added attraction 50 TO 1 CASH BONUSES
Each prize of £2 10 up to £100 will be accompanied by Cash Bonus of 50 times the amount of winner's entry-fee: thus, 1 coupon, Bonus £1.5s.: 2 coupons, Bonus £2 10s.: 3 coupons, Bonus £3.15s.: 4 coupons, maximum Bonus of £5 Prize Coupons rank as entry-fee coupons. Retain details of your entry.
ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN THIS GIANT FORTUNE
CLOSING POSTMARK SAT MAY 22
1073

CHIEF PRIZES DOUBLED FOR "BULLETS" MONSTER ONE-WEEK OFFER!

WITH one tremendous bound, ***Bullets*** **First Prize has leapt this week from the fine sum of £500 to the magnificent fortune of £1,000—*and still the offer is open for one week only.***

Thus, dwarfing all other offers in literary Competitions to-day, ***Bullets*** brings within your reach a princely sum in solid cash, sufficient to purchase a house, a car, provide for a holiday and still leave a nest-egg for future needs.

The Second Prize has also been doubled to £100, and a glittering array of supporting cheques provides more golden reasons for you to try your hand at ***Bullets*** this week. Remember the recent First Prize success of a Sunderland competitor, Mr. J. Pace, 94, Wayman Street, who won with his first attempt at ***Bullets***, and realise that, with care and common-sense, you can be the £1,000 winner in this Contest.

To these outstanding attractions of this mighty one-week prize-list another has been added. Each cash award, from £2 10s. up to the fine £100 Second Prize, will be accompanied by a "50-to-1" Cash Bonus as detailed above.

On Friday, June 4, a gay "Greetings" telegram will bring JOHN BULL'S congratulations to the winner of this week's £1,000 First Prize. You want that golden Joy Wire, so start on your ***Bullets*** at once!

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

READ through the list of ***Examples*** provided and write down all the ideas any of them suggest to your mind. You have now to take these rough notes and polish them into neatly phrased ***Bullets***.

Each of your finished efforts, remember, must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the chosen ***Example***.

Suppose, for instance, that the ***Example***, TO DEFEND BRITANNIA, gave you the idea, *Extra Taxation Compels Economy At Home*. That is too long and awkward as it stands, but you could soon compress and improve it into the typical ***Bullet***, TO DEFEND BRITANNIA—CHANCELLOR'S ATTACKING "ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE."

Before tackling the ***Examples***, study carefully the winning ***Bullets*** in Contest No. 1,069 on the opposite page. Notice how closely each of these successful efforts is fitted to its ***Example*** and how clearly its meaning is expressed. Then make a start, *remembering that your entry must be postmarked on or before Saturday, May 22.*

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,073)

JOB FOR ALL
TO DEFEND BRITANNIA
FREEDOM IS PRECIOUS, SO
ON THE GOLDEN SHORE
IN STANLEY'S SHOES
GAMBLING WITH LIVES
WHERE THE CHURCH FAILS
AS I SEE THINGS
WITH A SNIFF
TO SWELL THE EXCHEQUER
MADE MOTHER BOIL

DISHONEST	DAD'S COOKING
PROVIDING	STIFF
CAN'T TALK	"THEY'RE OFF!"
IMPATIENTLY	UP AGAIN
NEW BOY	PACKED
UNRULY	LONG JOURNEY

BEFORE WE FORGET
PERFECT PARTNER
IT'S WICKED WHEN
WIFEY AGREED WITH HIM AND
IN A BLAZE OF TRIUMPH
TOO MANY POLICEMEN
IN THE DISTANCE
YOU WON'T SUCCEED UNLESS
THINKING IT OVER
SAID SONNY TO AUNTIE
OUR FAMILY TREE
MAKING HIS MARK
PARADISE FOR PROFITEERS

ENTRY-FEE—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,073 usually purchase their copy of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,068 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. Taylor, 228, Sandringham Road, Intake, Doncaster.

FREE TO OBTAIN SIX FREE ISSUES OF "BULLETS BULLETIN" (AND CROSSWORD GAZETTE) YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY.

Please register me for six weeks free supply of ***Bullets Bulletin*** and JOHN BULL'S ***Crossword Gazette***. I have affixed 3½ in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Supply can be arranged more speedily by posting coupon direct to BULLETIN DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,073) Closing postmark SAT., May 22. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,073) Closing postmark SAT., May 22. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST POST SATURDAY, MAY 22.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,073) Closing postmark SAT., May 22. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,073) Closing postmark SAT., May 22. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

If you want to enter further "Bullets," you can write them on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed (& Co.). Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,073, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

How does she keep her Youth and Beauty

SHE'S got what everyone admires—a slim, graceful figure, a lovely complexion and the beauty of radiant health. If you asked her she'd tell you her secret is just "a couple of Bile Beans nightly."

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system, purify the blood and ensure that internal health which keeps you young, slim and attractive.

So start taking Bile Beans nightly if you want to be youthful, slender and beautiful.

"The nightly doses of Bile Beans keep me in radiant health, brimful of energy, and enable me to look my very best. In the 'Miss England' competition I was the chosen representative for the City of Sheffield."—Miss L. M., Sheffield.

* * *

"A doctor asked what made me look so young. When I told him Bile Beans he said I couldn't have taken anything finer. My health is wonderfully improved since I began with Bile Beans. They have toned me up, brought healthy colour to my cheeks and made my figure normal again."—Mrs. B. B., Southsea.

* * *

"For my attractive figure, clear complexion and bright spirits I give all credit to Bile Beans. Nobody takes me for a day older than twenty-one, and even my doctor is surprised at my youthful appearance."—Miss I. L., Coventry.

BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU HAPPY, HEALTHY AND SLIM.

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